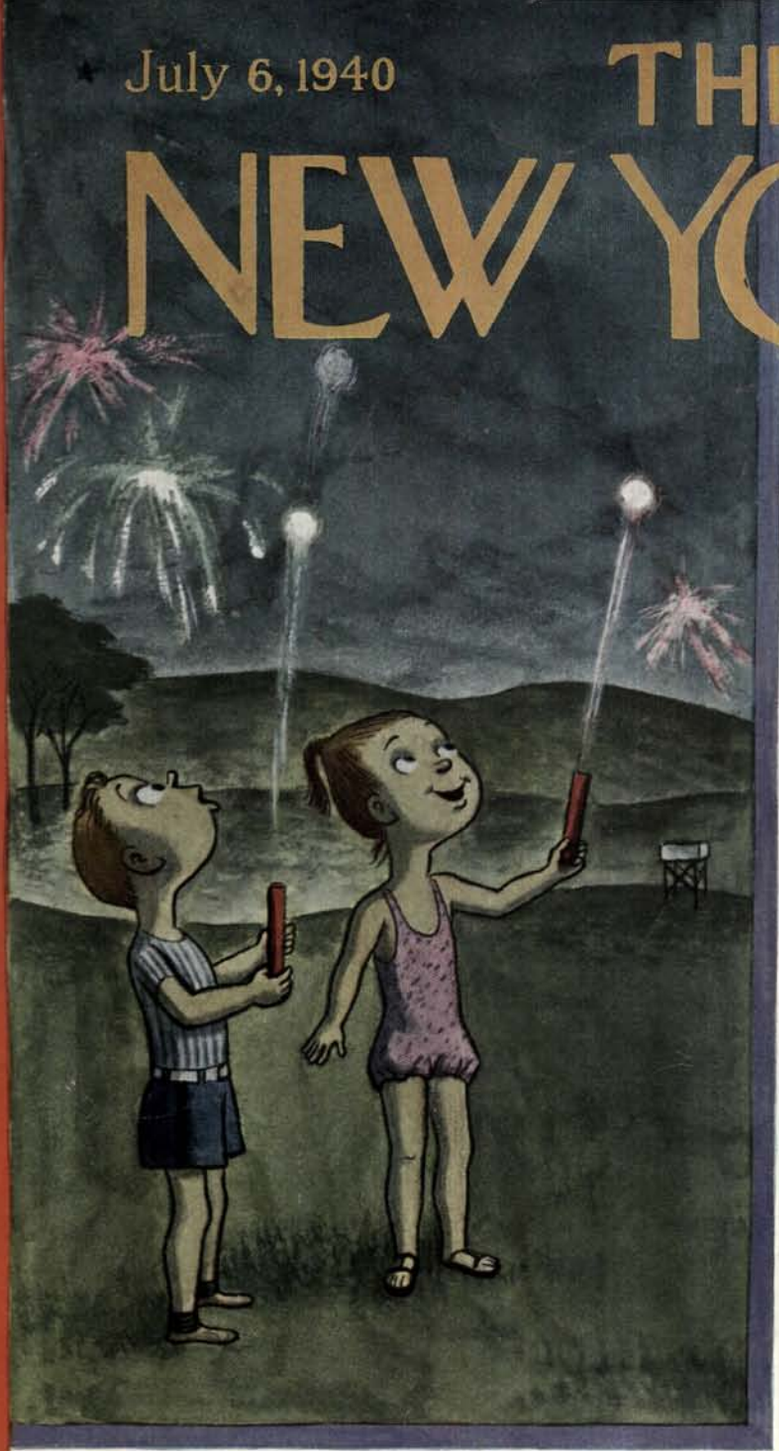
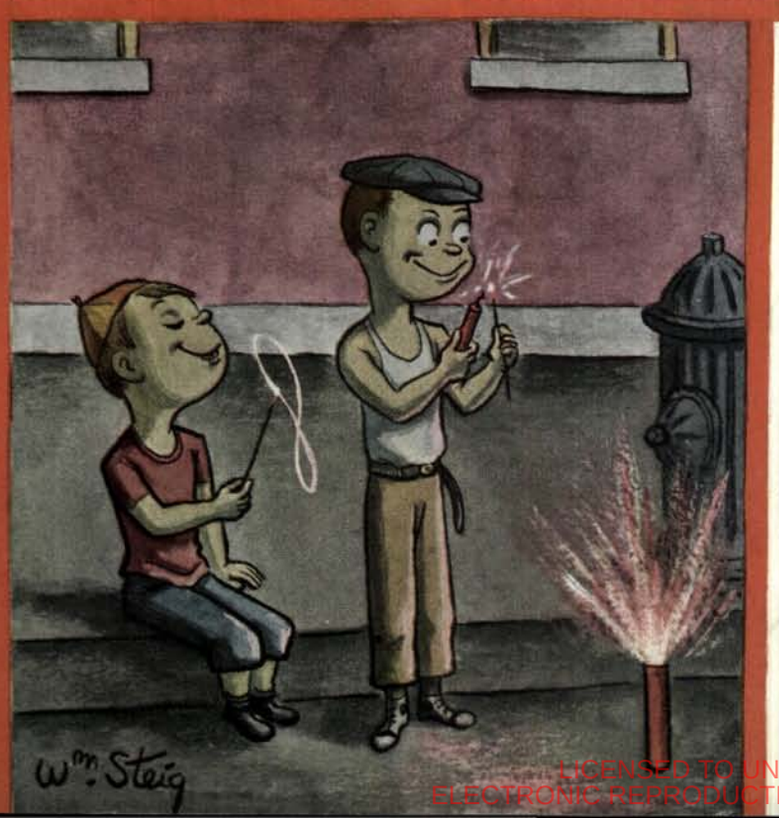
July 6, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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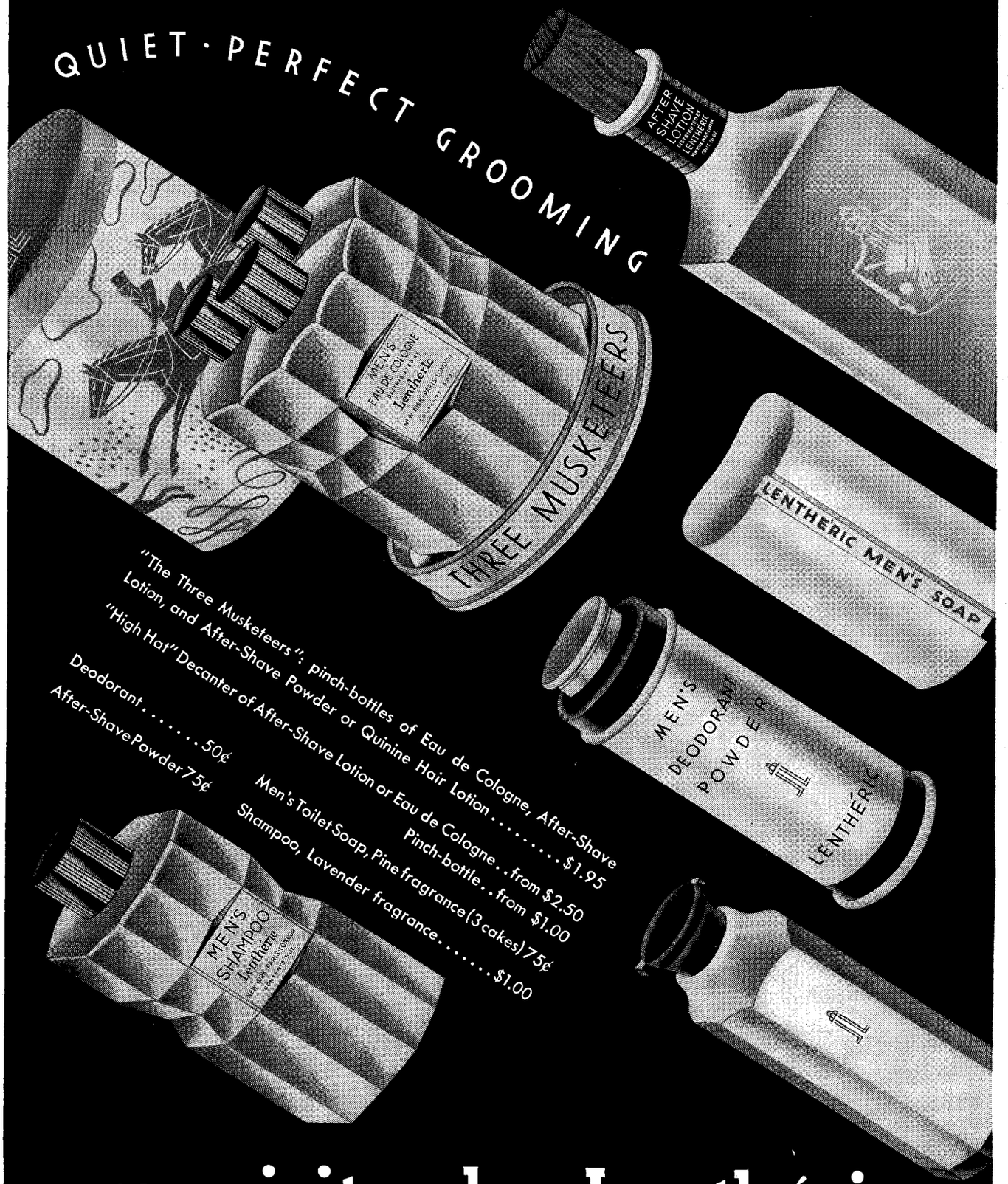
for men of action

QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—The sanest of three crazy old maids strangles poor Miss Fiske and puts her in an oven, making one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen. Gilbert Miller's production is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very pleasant comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy of a young professor who tries to analyze too many people and, at the same time, maintain his integrity. James Thurber's being co-author assures a certain light touch. The excellent cast includes the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolation. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given it a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. No performances Sat., July 13. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat., July 6.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is beautiful to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being *too* dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. One of the season's best musical comedies, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Practically the same as the old "Hellz-a-Poppin" in spirit, which is one of roughhouse at its funniest. With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Walk with Music—A musical comedy, which is nothing if not summery, about love in Palm Beach. Kitty Carlisle, Mitzi Green, Betty Lawford, and Frances Williams are some of the people mixed up in it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., July 6. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Cambridge—Helen Ford in "Tonight or Never": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon in "Shadow and Substance": through Sat., July 6. "The Show-Off": Tues. through Sat., July 9-13. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45. Special Mat. 2:30, Thurs., July 4.)

Cedarhurst—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., July 6. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—Herbert Rudley in "The World We Make": through Sat., July 6. Irene Castle in "Shadow Play": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 13. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Cohasset—Constance Collier in "Hay Fever": through Sat., July 6. Lenore Ulric in "Her Cardboard Lover": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Diana Barrymore and Arthur Treacher in "The Hottentot": through Sat., July 6. Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Gloucester—Francesca Braggiotti and John Lodge in "Caprice": through Sat., July 6. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—"Tovarich": through Sat., July 6. "The First Mrs. Fraser": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)

Guilford—Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": through Sat., July 6. Lili Damita in "White Cargo": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Jutland—Eddie Nugent in "Room Service": through Sat., July 6. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Locust Valley—Ruth Chatterton in "Pygmalion"; through Sat., July 6. "Four Cheers for Mother," a new comedy by Philip Dunning and L. G. Lighton: Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., July 6. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., July 6. Otto Preminger and Keenan Wynn in "Margin for Error": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—Joanna Roos in "A Bill of Divorcement": through Sat., July 6. "The Marquise": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Mt. Kisco—Walter Slezak in "Topaze": through Sat., July 6. Mildred Natwick in "Bunty Pulls the Strings": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

New Hope—Effie Shannon in "Kind Lady": through Sat., July 6. Haila Stoddard and Ann Andrews in "Yes, My Darling Daughter": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Ogunquit—Bramwell Fletcher and Doris Dalton in "The Guardsman": through Sat., July 6. Laurette Taylor and Bramwell Fletcher in "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Pawling—Francesca Bruning in "Farm of Three Echoes": through Sat., July 6. "Our Girls," a new play by Conrad Seiler: Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

Princeton—Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": through Sat., July 6. Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—Margaret Anglin in "Fresh Fields"; through Sat., July 6. Gloria Stuart in "The Night of January 16th": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Rye Beach—"Brief Moment": through Sat., July 6. Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": Tues. through Sat., July 9-13. (Farragut Players, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Skowhegan—Vincent Price and Joyce Arling in "Mr. and Mrs. North," a new play by Owen Davis, based on the Lockridge stories: through Sat., July 6. Hume Cronyn and Louise Campbell in "Golden Boy": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., July 4.)

Spring Lake—Sinclair Lewis in "Angela Is Twenty-two": Wed. through Sat., July 10-13. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Stamford—Helen Craig and Lloyd Gough in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., July 6. "Criminal at Large": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Stamford Community Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Madge Evans in "Skylark": through Sat., July 6. Fred Stone in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.; extra Mat. Sat., July 6.)

Suffern—Ruth Weston and McKay Morris in "Mazeppa": through Sat., July 6. Doris Dudley and Richard Waring in "Cafeteria," a new play by Leyla Georgie: Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:35.)

Westboro—Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., July 6. Helen Claire in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30.)

Westport—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., July 6. Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.; extra Mat. Sat., July 13.)

White Plains—Hiram Sherman in "Two Weeks with Pay," a new revue by Ted Fetter and Richard Lewine: through Sat., July 6. Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

Woodstock—Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": Thurs. through Sun., July 4-7. Guy Robertson in "You Never Know": Thurs. through Sun., July 11-14. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Those in the city may close for one or more nights over the weekend.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Music by Larry Siry's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's dancing on the Roof to the music of Alvino Rey and his orchestra.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small spot, and a nice one, with Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. A quintet plays for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things in the new Café, where, at the supper hour, Carol Bruce sings and Bob Knight's orchestra plays for dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Radio City's aerial nook has a show which includes George Lloyd and Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . Marlynn and Michael go on dancing in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists, are on the Viennese Roof now. Hal Saunders' orchestra supplies the music for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is all the patrons ask for at the Café Lounge, and, with the exception of Emile Petti's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with songs by Adelaide Moffet and music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat contributes a smooth musical accompaniment for a couple of dance teams as well as for the guests. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates at the supper hour.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Joe Venuti's orchestra (to be replaced by Larry Clinton's on Fri., July 5). . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA ROOF,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor is alone worth the trip; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's band and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** *235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with* Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): half Broadway, half tropical, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and, through Thurs., July 11, Anne Francine. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and *South American entertainment.* . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954). . . . Without dancing: **CHATHAM WALK,** Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **PAVILLON MARGUERY,** 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the Japanese Garden of the **RITZ-CARLTON,** Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the Sunken Plaza, Radio City (CI 6-5800).

PURE SWING—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): among the boys in the coöperative band here are Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Peewee Russell. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Two Viennese places started by refugees who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN,** 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); and **WIENER FIAKER,** 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

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OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's **ARROWHEAD INN,** Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's **RIVIERA,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and a show. . . . **WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB,** 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's *rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra.* . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **BOARDWALK CAFÉ,** Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will replace Jack Denny's on Thurs., July 11. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **MEADOWBROOK,** on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): *Al Donahue's orchestra will replace* Del Courtney's on Fri., July 5. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At **CANOE PLACE INN,** Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra. . . . **NEW PROSPECT HOTEL,** Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . **SEVEN PONDS INN,** Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM,** Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . The Spanish Grill of the **MONMOUTH HOTEL,** Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **PERONA FARM,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **ROSS FENTON FARM,** Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Joe E. Lewis, Terry Lawlor, and Eddie Oliver's orchestra. . . . **SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB,** on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra and Maurice and Cordoba.

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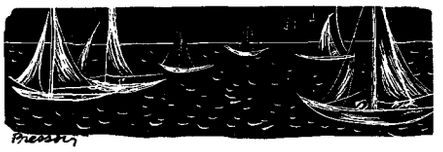
DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **AMAWALK, N.Y.:** Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . **COLD SPRING, N.Y.:** Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . **NEW CITY, N.Y.:** French Farms (New City 981). . . . **MT. KISCO, N.Y.:** Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **SLOATSBURG, N.Y.:** Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.:** Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.:** Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.:** Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.:** Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).



ART

BOBERMAN, MÈGE, AND ORTIZ—Bold landscapes by Ortiz stand out in this show of three little-known contemporary Frenchmen: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through July 31.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through Sept. 28.

FRENCH GROUPS—At the **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through Aug. 30. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: selected paintings from this gallery's collection. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Utrillo, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 26. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Pissarro, Rouault, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 26.

GROUPS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: a charmingly tropical Lebduska in a diversified group of modern Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through Sept. 1. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: Lebduska, Gerard Hordyk, and Louis Bosa are the standouts in a mixed collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through July 12. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Brook, Mattson, Marsh, and—for old times' sake—a never-before-shown George Bellows. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through July 26. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and a lot of others in an end-of-the-season roundup. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through Aug. 2. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); through July 26. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by twenty-five Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Thurs. and Sun., July 4 and 7, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

RED CROSS BENEFIT—A handsome, rarely seen Rembrandt and two fine van Goghs head a beautifully selected collection of paintings by Dutch, French, and English masters: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 12.

ROWLANDSON—Sixty original wash drawings by the eighteenth-century English satirist; for the benefit of the American Theatre Wing of the Allied Relief Fund: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 13.

VAN GOGH—Fourteen paintings from the Netherlands government collection, most of them never shown here before: Holland House, 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (closed Thurs., July 4); Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 19.

HERE AND THERE—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: a showing of terra-cotta sculptures; a benefit for the Red Cross. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **A.C.A.,** 52 W. 8: group show of works by young Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 13.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Sun., July 4-7, and Thurs., July 11; McArthur conducting, Mon. through Wed., July 8-10; Weissmann conducting, Fri. and Sat., July 12-13. Special features: Kirsten Flagstad, July 8; Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant as soloist, July 11; Elsie Houston, July 13. At 8:45 P.M. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. Downtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—At Central Park Mall, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

OUT OF TOWN—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain,

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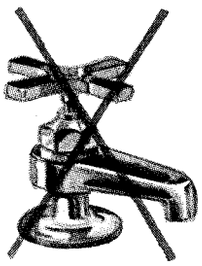

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts., at 4. . . . The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Cosi Fan Tutte": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Bolton Landing, N.Y., Fri. Eve., July 5, at 8:45.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., July 11-12, at 3:15; and Sat. Aft., July 13, at 3. . . . **polo grounds**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs. Aft., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30. Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., July 5, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., July 6, at 3; and Sun. Aft., July 7 (doubleheader), at 2.

Dog Show—Southampton Kennel Club, Southampton G.C., Sat., July 6, at 9 A.M.

Flying—National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., daily through Sun., July 14.

Golf—Long Island Amateur, Sands Point Club, Port Washington, Fri. through Sun., July 5-7. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the Amateur Public Links Championship, Hendricks Field G.C., Belleville, N.J., Sat. and Sun., July 6-7. . . . New Jersey Open, Plainfield C.C., Plainfield, Thurs. through Sat., July 11-13. . . . New York State Junior Championship, Sleepy Hollow C.C., Scarborough, Wed. through Sat., July 10-13. . . . Sweetser Victory Tournament, Sunningdale C.C., Scarsdale, Fri. and Sat., July 12-13.

Horse Shows—Country Club Show, Westchester C.C., Rye, Thurs. through Sat., July 11-13, at 1:30 and 8 P.M., and Sat., July 13, at 9 A.M.

Polo—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury; Sun. Afts. at 3:30. . . . Championship games at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5.

Racing—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M.; through July 27. Demoiselle Stakes, July 4; the Butler Handicap, July 6; the Empire City Handicap, July 13. (Special trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . Yankee Handicap, at Suffolk Downs, Thurs., July 4.

Tennis—New York State Clay Court Championships, Seminole Club, Forest Hills, Sat., July 6, through Sun., July 14. . . . Eastern Slope Championships, North Conway, N.H., Mon. through Sat., July 8-13. . . . Women's Middle States Championships, Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia, Mon. through Sat., July 8-13.

Yachting—Annual Long Distance Snipe Race, Cedar Point Y.C., Westport, Conn., Sat. and Sun., July 13-14.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Larchmont Y.C., Thurs., July 4; Indian Harbor Y.C., Fri. and Sat., July 5-6. Larchmont Y.C. Race Week starts Sat., July 13.

OTHER EVENTS

Benefit Auction—Christie's, in London, will hold a sale, sponsored by the Red Cross, of original manuscripts on Mon., July 8. The Rosenbach Company, 15 E. 51 (WI 2-3242), will give information and place bids by cable without charge.

Greenwich Village Fair—This year's event, sponsored by several relief organizations, is for the benefit of refugee children: Washington Square S., at Thompson St., Tues. through Sat., July 9-13, from 2 P.M. to midnight.

Planetarium—"The Stars of the Summer Night" is the topic of the July lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Racing—The Butler Handicap, at Empire City: Sat. Aft., July 6, at 4:30, WHN.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

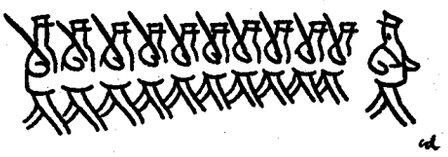
News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ and WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

All This, and Heaven Too—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer, with Barbara O'Neill, in a thorough, rather too long, but often stirring film version of Rachel Field's best-seller. That aristocratic French murder case, you know. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; opens Thurs., July 4.)

The Baker's Wife—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—A curious Robert Montgomery item that has a sort of gloomy interest. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., July 6-9.)



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 13. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

The Ghost Breakers—This can give you the creeps and the giggles in the same breath. Another mystery, with Bob Hope, along the lines of "The Cat and the Canary." (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Gone with the Wind—You'd better hurry along and give up a night to it. (Astor, B'way at 45. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

My Favorite Wife—More jokes about marriage and what can happen in the happy state, and all pretty funny. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant carry on. (Hamilton, B'way at 146; Thurs. through Mon., July 4-8. . . . R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Wed., July 4-10.)

Rebecca—The moody, grim novel conscientiously directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock. With Judith Anderson, Joan Fontaine, and Laurence Olivier. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Wed., July 6-10. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., July 9-12. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., July 10.)

The Shop Around the Corner—Gentle whimsy, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan, all in a casual frame of mind. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., July 6-9.)

Susan and God—Joan Crawford and Fredric March in Rachel Crothers' lively satire on the upper-crust lady who gets religion. (Capitol, B'way at 51; opens Thurs., July 4.)

Torrid Zone—Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien in a rakish, tough little item about life down in one of those banana republics of South America. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., July 4-8. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., July 9-11. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., July 10-11. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Sat., July 10-13.)

REVIVALS

Angel (1937)—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 4.)

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., July 7-8.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—With Lillian Gish. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 4.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 8-9.)

The Count of Monte Cristo (1934)—Elissa Landi and Robert Donat. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 4-5.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., July 5-7.)

Easy Living (1937)—Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., July 7-8.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—With Sabu. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., July 5.)

Fire Over England (1937)—Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., July 9-10.)

Holiday (1938)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., July 4-5.)

I'll Take Romance (1937)—Grace Moore and Melvyn Douglas. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 4-5.)

It's a Gift (1934)—With W. C. Fields. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 9-10.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., July 7-8.)

La Maternelle (1935)—French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 4.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Naughty Marietta (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., July 4-6.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—With Charles Laughton. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., July 5.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, and Peter Lorre. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 9-11.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., July 8-10.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., July 5-6.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—With Sylvia Sidney. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 9-11.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films weekdays at 4 P.M., and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Mark of Zorro," Thurs., July 4. "The Three Musketeers," Fri., July 5. "Robin Hood," Sat., July 6. "The Thief of Bagdad," Sun., July 7. "The Black Pirate," Mon., July 8. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Tues., July 9. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Wed., July 10.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

Boxing—Lew Jenkins vs. Henry Armstrong, Polo Grounds, July 17. . . . Steve Belloise vs. Ceferino Garcia, middleweights, Madison Square Garden, Aug. 1. . . . Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor, heavyweights, Polo Grounds, Aug. 13.

Dog Shows—Mt. Desert Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me., Aug. 10. . . . Wildwood Kennel Club, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 18.

Golf—Long Island Open, Inwood, July 15-18. . . . New York State Amateur, Syracuse, July 24-27. . . . Women's New York State Championships, Troy, Aug. 6-10. . . . Metropolitan Junior, Montclair, N.J., Aug. 21-23. . . . National P.G.A. Championship, Hershey, Pa., Aug. 26-Sept. 1. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Amateur, Springfield, N.J., Aug. 27.

Horse Shows—Monmouth County, Rumson, N.J., July 18-20. . . . Lakeville, Conn., July 26-28. . . . Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, July 26-28. . . . Long Branch, N.J., Aug. 2-4. . . . Litchfield, Conn., Aug. 10. . . . North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Aug. 15-18. . . . Lake Placid, Aug. 16-18. . . . Cohasset, Mass., Aug. 22-24. . . . Rhinebeck-Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, N.Y., Aug. 28-29.

Music—Lewisohn Stadium concerts, through Aug. 14. . . . Goldman Band concerts, Central Pk. and Prospect Pk., Brooklyn, through Aug. 18. . . . Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Stockbridge, Mass., starts Aug. 1. . . . Dance Festival, Bennington, Vt., Aug. 9-17.

Polo—National Twenty Goal Championship, Bostwick Field, begins July 27 (tentative).

Racing—Saratoga Springs, July 29-Aug. 31. . . . Rockingham Park, July 29-Aug. 24. . . . Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., through Aug. 3 (Hollywood Gold Cup, July 27).

Tennis—Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, July 20-21. . . . Invitation Tournament, Sea Bright Club, Sea Bright, N.J., July 22-28. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, July 29-Aug. 3. . . . Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, July 29-Aug. 3. . . . Eastern Grass Courts Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, Aug. 3-11. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino, Newport, starts Aug. 12. . . . National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., start Aug. 19. . . . National Singles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, start Aug. 30.

Theatre—August possibilities—they're no more than that—include return engagements of "Higher and Higher" and "The Time of Your Life;" "Two Weeks with Pay," a new revue with music by Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Ira Gershwin, and others; and "Broadway—1940," the Philip Dunning-George Abbott play "Broadway" brought up to date by Mr. Dunning.

Trotting—Grand Circuit, Historic Track, Goshen, July 15-19. . . . Grand Circuit, Good Time Pk., Goshen, Aug. 12-17 (Hambletonian, Aug. 14).

Yachting—Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 3-11. . . . Annual Regatta, Handicap Class, off Execution Rock, L.I. Sound, Aug. 4. . . . American Y.C. Annual Cruise, Rye, Aug. 8-11. . . . N.Y.Y.C. Annual Cruise, New London to Gloucester, Aug. 11-21. . . . L.I. Sound Junior Championships, Knickerbocker Y.C., Port Washington, Aug. 12-15. . . . Astor Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 14. . . . N.Y.Y.C. Annual Regatta, Buzzards Bay, Aug. 16. . . . Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoal Races, City Island Y.C., Aug. 17. . . . King's Cup Race, off Marblehead, Aug. 20. . . . Race Week, New Bedford Y.C., Aug. 20-22.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.:** the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **Independent subway:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.:** Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour, the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in relieving the horse of many of its duties. Movies of mass production, and a fashion show, too. In a field outside, some tractors parade and then settle down to a little serious tilling.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Gladioli, delphiniums, roses, and other seasonal flowers, and a new garden with a hundred or more varieties of Japanese lilies. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Better tackle the Futurama on a rainy day. It's practically impossible to squeeze in when the Fair's crowded. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—Another that frequently has a long waiting line. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—About 400 canvases, representing all schools from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century, in a show that may not be quite as brilliant as last year's but still is good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

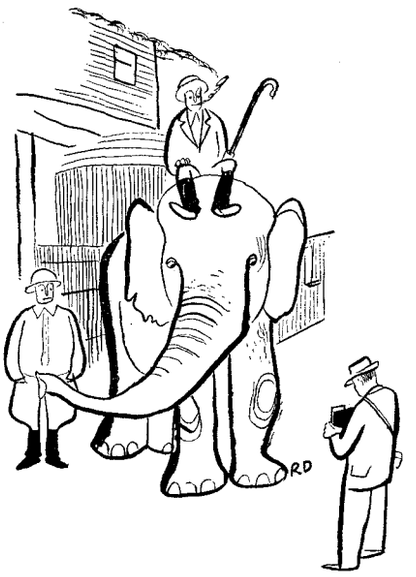
Railroads (F)—Engines and other rolling stock, accompanied by Kurt Weill music, appear in a big pageant called "Railroads on Parade," presented daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 cents and 55 cents. . . . More track and equipment have been added to the model exhibit, "Railroads in Action." A 30-minute show, continuous from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

Trylon and Perisphere—There they stand. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A bright array of feminine fashions includes a show, presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M., in which models appear in the latest gowns.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas. . . . **American Art Today** (A): the WPA's big and sprightly exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): transport and fighting planes, including the Army's new Curtiss P-40, a camouflaged pursuit ship which is supposed to be able to do 400 miles an hour and is being shown publicly for the first time. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car, and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night. . . . **du Pont** (D): the wonders of *Ersatz*, including nylon. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): a New York street in the gaslit nineties. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): showing how far the countryside has come from the kerosene and hand-pump days. . . . **Firestone** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle. . . . **General Electric** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic. . . . **Glass Center** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft, and glass being woven into cloth. . . . **Goodrich** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Thurs., July 4, every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models, mostly of nineteenth-century gadgets, culled from the collection of the Patent Office. . . . **Kodak** (D): quantities of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently, and thus far futilely, searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): the latest in television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit,** in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp on its hundredth birthday. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): a drop of water magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and how they can be killed by light. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins.



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, JULY 4, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 10.

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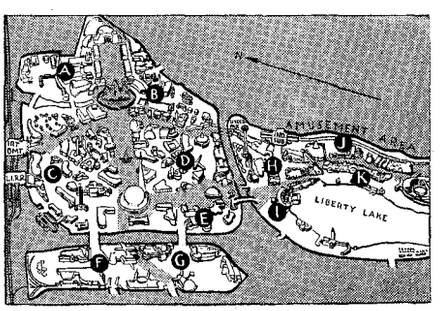
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, Finland, and Brazil. The two large buildings of France and Italy will remain open, at least for the time being. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and attractive bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an attractive coral beach on the lake front and an attractive interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a schooner, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own pageant, somewhat on the stodgy side, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, Wynn Murray, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle, and the songs are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 5:30, 8:30 and 10:45 P.M.; extra show Sat., Sun., and Thurs., July 4, at 3:30 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh and equally diverting version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, a stage where Hassard Short's elaborate white and colored revues follow one another in enjoyable and almost never-ending succession.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Michael Todd's shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue, with Gypsy Rose Lee. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 9, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Thurs., July 4, at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match. Sponsored by the Beachcomber on Broadway and like it in many respects. John Kirby's orchestra and a rumba band.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by Kay Parsons and a group of musical waiters. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck presents a circus and a mountain swarming with monkeys. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people, an offshoot of the one of Broadway. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): they pull you up about twenty floors and then let you drop; a honey if you don't mind heights. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a skate-and-ski show that's cool to look at these days; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): simple, adequate food and a new outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): a gay, lighthearted place, with dancing at dinner. . . . **French Building** (A): happily, this well-loved, de-luxe restaurant is going to stay open. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): a shady terrace, good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds. . . . **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from a veranda. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): goulash at a stand-up bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here. . . . **McGinnis** (C): a big, bright place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): superior *smörgåsbord* in a new dining room. . . . **Pabst** (K): beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting. . . . **Polish Building** (A): still the same fine Polish cooking, even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic; dancing from 6 P.M. on. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): the setting alone is enough to convert you to Chinese food. . . . **Rumania** (B): the restaurant and garden are delightful and the food is good enough. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks are served in a large courtyard; more formal meals inside. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden under the maples. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals that show the French influence; you're served on a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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Cancer The Fifth Column Disease

by Isaac F. Marcosson

Member, Advisory Council, New York City Cancer Committee

In these tragic and fateful times we have all learned the meaning of the phrase "fifth column"—the stealthy boring from within a country by traitors whose objective is the destruction of life, morale, and property. A nation, however, is not the only victim of this kind of insidious penetration. The human body, likewise, is subject to a kindred, and even more devastating inroad.

Cancer is the fifth column disease. Like the saboteur, it creeps upon its unaware victim ravaging the great and the humble alike. This malignant visitation, embodied in the most dreaded name in all the category of disease, results from the activities of gangster cells that run wild in the human system. They are the little Al Capones of the human body—silent, vengeful, ruthless. These cells are precisely like the fifth columnists who work in secret and without scruple.

The parallel goes farther. Just as the human enemy, harbored within the confines of a country, gives no intimation of his sinister work, so does cancer develop and flourish without pain to its victim, often for the course of an entire year. Unless proper precautions are taken, this physiological fifth column, like its human prototype operating under a misguided patriotism, strikes finally with fatal effectiveness.

Although there is this definite parallel between the motive and technique of the fifth column, and the beginning and growth of cancer, you also have a difference. The zealot columnist does not advertise his calling. Secrecy is his first aid. Cancer, on the other hand, manifests its presence through certain symptoms. Yet even with these symptoms, the secrecy that masks the columnist is matched sometimes by a fatal secrecy on the part of people who fear they have cancer. Because of that fear they shrink from a thorough physical examination that will reveal the truth about them.

Long experience has proved that what seem to be the symptoms of cancer are not always cancer. The lump on the breast is perhaps the most familiar illustration. Only one out of ten of such lumps is a malignant growth. The presence of such a lump, therefore, need not provoke panic. But what it should provoke is prompt examination by a competent physician who can tell, in short order, whether the growth is a fifth column in the body or a harmless cyst. Even if the lump should turn out to be cancerous it can, in many instances, be cured in its early stages if treated at once. Cancer no longer holds out its one-time terror. Delay and fear, like the secrecy that shrouds the actual fifth columnist, are its chief allies.

The moral of this little parable is that, just as the actual fifth column of a totalitarian power can be routed, first through an aroused public opinion and then with drastic measures, so can cancer be checked with the aid of common sense, scientific treatment, and through the increasing knowledge of what it is, and of what can be done to confute this ancient scourge of the human race.

Additional information on cancer will be gladly sent to any one desiring it on application to the office of the New York City Cancer Committee of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, The Little Red Door, 130 East 66th Street, New York. There is no charge for this service. The sale of package labels and the Quarterly Review, together with voluntary contributions, support this work.

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Could they say this about any other car?

It is built in the famous Lincoln plant, to Lincoln standards of mechanical excellence.

(Ohio owner: "I have always owned good cars, but never anything that gave me a fraction of the satisfaction that this one supplies.")

Its graceful streamlines ushered in a whole new style era.

(Maryland owner: "I cannot resist the temptation to compliment your engineering department on what I consider one of the most beautiful designs in this country.")

It has a 12-cylinder engine — smooth, economical, and the only "twelve" in the medium-price field.

(Tennessee owner: "This is my third — piling up considerable mileage at very low cost with the greatest of ease.")

Its unit-body-and-frame, in closed types, scientifically combines light weight with great strength — offers unusual degree of safety.

(Connecticut owner: "Its chief appeal to me is the sense of security and safety one has when driving it — freeing me from worry when my family is in the car.")

Its chair-high seats, designed after long and careful research . . . low center of gravity . . . gliding ride . . . and passenger position "amidships" offer a wholly new conception of comfort.

(Pennsylvania owner: "Just recently I had a friend as passenger on a long trip. Here is his expression — 'I have never traveled in a car that seemed as much like sitting in an easy chair.' ")

Could people talk so about any car in the world but the Lincoln-Zephyr?

Lincoln Motor Car Division, Ford Motor Company.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE house we've taken for the summer looks on the Atlantic, fifty yards away. An albatross, or a Martin bomber, taking off directly east from our front porch would fetch its first land in Portugal, just north of Lisbon. On nice days we sometimes sit and look at the perfect curve of the horizon, and we know, often for twenty-five minutes at a time, the old illusion of security. The sea on such days is as calm as a lake and the sky is empty of anything more dangerous than the circling gulls. We are calm and empty, too. The voices on our radio that say another tragic blow has fallen somewhere in the world, the writers in our newspaper who say that conquest can only feed on further conquest, seem far away and fictional, a little absurd. We can even forget that less than two years ago the same sea rose one afternoon and swept away the house next door, with no assistance whatever from either Hitler or Mussolini.

THE Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, the *Tribune* said, is living the life of any other refugee up at the Seigniory Club in Quebec. The Princess, we learned, declined the ten-room suite which had been especially prepared for her, and took four bedrooms, very much like those occupied by the other guests. She also refused all the usual prerogatives of royalty, "even buying her own newspaper and telephoning for her own appointment with the hairdresser." We note all this in no sense as a criticism of Juliana, who would have looked silly camping out in a field when she didn't have to, but merely as an interesting definition of the typical refugee. The use of the word "even," we think, would appeal particularly to a million other refugees whose difficulties at the moment include neither buying newspapers nor telephoning to their hairdressers.

TO the lay mind, one of the most striking things about the French armistice was the six-hour interval between the signing of the peace and the actual end of the fighting. The position of a soldier shot down during this period for a cause that no longer existed, by a man to whom he had formally surrendered, is, we think, an example of the martial spirit at its best, of the determination of the War Office to do things in a decent and military manner. There are conceivably excellent technical reasons for not stopping the guns the minute a peace has been signed, but we doubt if we'd be much interested in hearing about them. Neither, probably, would any of the men who died between early evening and midnight on June 24th.

OUT of Cairo, over the land of Egypt, has gone an edict that the tombs of the Pharaohs are positively not to be used as air-raid shelters. This seems to us shortsighted. There is nothing like

the company of the quiet and immemorial dead to give a man the proper perspective on high explosives, nor any place where the drone of a plane would have less chance of distracting his mind. If we were boss, we would issue orders that anyone anywhere, who felt it might help, could come right over and draw up a bronze divan.

RECENTLY, in our search for peace, we began to turn to those curious corners of the daily paper where there lurk the tidings of such matters as the patterns of brain waves and the life expectancy of the redwood. We remembered how in other periods of anxiety the contemplation of those eternal verities of journalism had always given us an inner grace that lasted clear through dinner, and sometimes to bedtime. However, the other day we discovered, suddenly and painfully, that these items no longer worked. We read and read about sunken islands and glandular extracts, and we still felt like hell. As a matter of fact, the only anaesthetic, or hypnotic, that *did* work for us last week was the oratory of the gentlemen assembled to save the world at Philadelphia.

GRACE NOTE IN A DARK HOUR: "There is a growing tendency among those New Yorkers who spend most of the Summer in town, to dine informally in street-length dresses. In hot weather people choose the laziest way of life. But this Summer is not like any other Summer. This year it has suddenly become imperative to sustain the outward forms of civilized living. Dressing for dinner is one of them. *Cue* believes these gestures are important."—From *Cue*.

WE are rather sorry that it has apparently been decided not to extend the Fair to 1943. Our dream, in

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fact, went even further than that: from time to time we have thought it would be a fine idea to have a *permanent* Fair. This country, as everybody knows, needs a goal, an example, an ideal, and there's no reason it shouldn't have been Flushing—always about a generation ahead of everybody else, the town of the future, anchored securely to the present.

Pace That Kills

WE were having the vegetable roll in Schrafft's on Saturday noon when Sinclair Lewis came in with two ladies. They sat down not far away. Lewis started talking.

At the table next ours, also lunching alone, was a lady of the good Schrafft's type. She looked hard at Lewis for about three minutes, then turned to us timidly and said, "That man looks like all the pictures I ever saw of Sinclair Lewis. Do you suppose it's he?"

"That's him," we replied, in our worldly, noonday manner.

She set her fork down and for a while abstained from food. After about ten minutes, Lewis recognized a man at another table, went over, and spoke to him. They conversed quietly and then the man joined the Lewis party for coffee. The lady next us observed these maneuvers with a deep internal excitement. She seemed caught at last in the ebb and flow of café society and her face had a look half enchantment, half disbelief. Finally she spoke again. "Do you suppose," she asked, "he always goes at that mad pace?"

Plattsburg Idea

IT will be history repeating itself out and out when eight hundred sturdy male citizens of New York City, naïvely described by the *Times* as "a typical cross-section of our national life," check in at the Plattsburg barracks this Friday to begin thirty days of intensive military training, undertaken voluntarily and at their own expense. It's a revival, in the original form, of the first Plattsburg camp, and probably of the "Plattsburg idea," which gave some 16,000 men a smattering or more of training in the two years before we entered the first World War, turned out innumerable junior officers, and was afterward responsible for the Citizens' Military Training Camps, which have offered annually two weeks' training to acceptable men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine. The original Plattsburgers, organized under the name of the Military Training Camps Association, have been the guiding spirits of this activity. They have in the present crisis plumped for conscription, and claim credit for the conscription bills recently introduced in the Senate and the House.

Harvard looms large in the Plattsburg idea. For one thing, it was conceived in the Harvard Club, twenty-five years ago last month, when a hundred-odd youngish men, most of them Harvard graduates, met to consider the situation created by the sinking of the Lusitania. They were addressed by General Leonard Wood, who promised to talk the War Department into giving them military training immediately, provided they paid their own expenses. The first encampment opened August 15th of that year, and was attended by 1,200 men, mostly well-born. Harvard supplied 468 men, Yale 156, Princeton 123, Columbia 75. John Purroy Mitchel, then Mayor of New York, was enrolled, and the newspapers of the day were full of pictures of him cleaning his rifle and making up his cot. By the time the United States entered the war, there were camps similar to Plattsburg all over the country.

To draw a few parallels, the idea of the revived Plattsburg encampments originated with two young officers of the Fiduciary Trust Company, Howard Slade II (Harvard '27) and Peter Jay (Harvard '36). The organization meeting was held in the auditorium of the Bar Association, hard by the Harvard Club, and was addressed by Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, who promised the coöperation of the War Department. Seventy-five names, mostly Harvard, Yale, and *Social Register*, were signed to a resolution urging the government to appropriate the necessary funds to reopen the camps. When the go-ahead signal came from Washington, a recruiting office was opened at 28 West Forty-fourth Street, and over two thousand men signed up. Only five hundred of these could be accepted, but the idea is that there will be other camps later in the summer. The list of applicants is impressive, including Marshall Field, Jr.; Langdon P. Marvin, once Roosevelt's law partner and president of the Harvard Club; William M. Chadbourne; Professors Carleton S. Coon and Edwin C. Kemble of Harvard; Cornelius Roosevelt; and Dwight F. Davis, Jr., son of Coolidge's Secretary of War. Mayor LaGuardia has shown no interest in signing up, the most exalted municipal officer now on the rolls being Newbold Morris.

The month's outing will cost each recruit a minimum of $43.50, for food and rental of equipment. When the encampment is over, on August 3rd, the men will have incurred no obliga-

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tion to serve in the Army and the Army will be under no obligation to grant commissions to them.

Circumstantial

NEITHER of the following items would have had the slightest significance a year ago, and even now we doubt their essential importance. A married couple, to begin with, have written us jointly to report that the large wooden horse in front of the Swedish American Pavilion at the World's Fair sounds hollow when tapped. And an unmarried lady advises us that bon-voyage gift wrappings at Macy's have been marked down from twenty-three to nine cents.

Interchangeable Dive Bomber

JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO, the Mexican painter who is currently doing a trick fresco for the Museum of Modern Art, keeps making so many changes that the Museum people are not quite sure what to call it. His first sketch showed a more or less jumbled airplane embellished with a projectile, a couple of human legs, and a round object which might have been either an aviator's head or a bomb. The Museum's director, Mr. Alfred Barr, took a look at it and advised his publicity department to call it "The Dive Bomber." In subsequent drafts, Orozco inserted a rather large tank, and Mr. Barr directed that the title be expanded to "Dive Bomber and Tank." When we saw the half-finished fresco last week, Orozco had reduced the tank to a brief expanse of caterpillar tread and had added several enormous masklike faces with tortured, evil mouths made out of links of chain. Mr. Barr was still standing pat on the second title, but Mr. John Abbott, executive vice-president, felt that the matter of the mural's name should be held in abeyance until it was finished, which will probably be next week. Miss Sarah Newmeyer, a Museum official who arranged for us to meet Orozco, said that *PM* had further confused the issue by calling the fresco "Diver and Tank Bomber." We checked up on this and found that *PM* had called it "Dive and Bomber Tank."

Mr. Orozco is a slight, gentle, bespectacled man with about twenty teeth. He is no help in problems of this sort, not caring about titles and feeling that paintings mean different things to different people. In general, he is trying to convey the idea of mechanized destruction, as being typical of the times. "He is not a propagandist," said Miss Newmeyer. "He is in no sense glorifying war, and in no sense knocking war." At a press preview held June 18th, the day Orozco began to paint, he was so vague as to his message and the objects he was depicting that the *Times* representative, after saying "My paper has to present something concrete to its public," left in despair and wrote nothing.

"Here's the way I look at it. Would it be wise to get rid of Mrs. Roosevelt at a time like this?"

• •

The Orozco fresco is portable, being executed in six detachable panels, each about three feet by nine. It can thus be lent to other museums willing to pay the freight charges. Orozco told us that the panels are interchangeable and can be shown right side up, or upside down, or both. Moreover, he said, any two or three can be shown together in any order. The mural represents a crashing bomber, and the theory evidently is that bombers can crash any which way. Mr. Abbott got the idea of commissioning Orozco to do a mural in connection with the Museum's Mexican show last January, when he was in Mexico rounding up things for the exhibit. Orozco thought up the dive-bomber conception on the train coming North.

Orozco is fifty-seven, has no left hand, no hearing in his left ear, and very poor eyesight. His disabilities are the result of an explosion that injured him when he was in his teens. We had read that this accident occurred during an experiment in a chemical laboratory, but he told us this was nonsense. "I was just playing in the street with some powder," he said. "It was just an ordinary explosion." He is staying at the St. Moritz, and works at the Museum from eight till four or five every day, wearing a pair of tan overalls he bought at Macy's. The Museum people had expected him to take at least a month to do the mural, and the fact that he seems to be turning it out in less than three weeks astonishes them. "He's blitzing right along on this thing," Miss Newmeyer told us.

Orozco has had no time to visit the murals he did at Dartmouth in 1934, and as soon as he finishes "The Dive Bomber" will return to Mexico, where he is working on two fresco projects—

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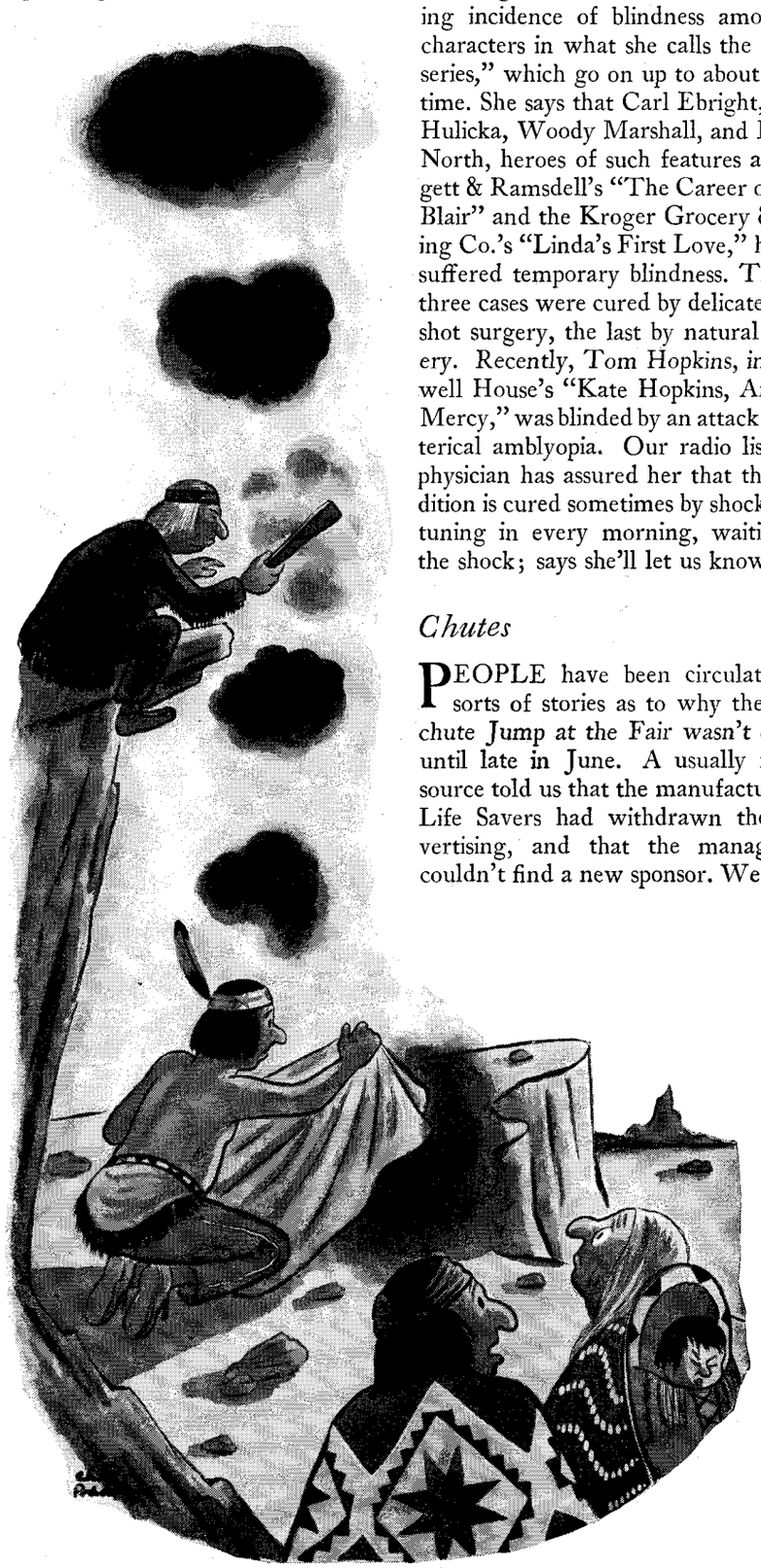
one for a courthouse and one for a public library. We asked him how he amused himself in town, and he grinned evasively. "The whole life is very amusing," he said. We stopped by Mr. Abbott's office on our way out and besought him for an extra-curricular note on the muralist. "Orozco has a great grasp of night life from Harlem to the Battery," Mr. Abbott stated flatly. "He talks knowingly of floor shows all over town."



"They're censoring everything now."

Epidemic

A LADY who, for her own good reasons, keeps her radio on in the morning tells us that there is an alarming incidence of blindness among the characters in what she calls the "cereal series," which go on up to about lunchtime. She says that Carl Ebright, Nicky Hulicka, Woody Marshall, and Donald North, heroes of such features as Daggett & Ramsdell's "The Career of Alice Blair" and the Kroger Grocery & Baking Co.'s "Linda's First Love," have all suffered temporary blindness. The first three cases were cured by delicate, long-shot surgery, the last by natural recovery. Recently, Tom Hopkins, in Maxwell House's "Kate Hopkins, Angel of Mercy," was blinded by an attack of hysterical amblyopia. Our radio listener's physician has assured her that this condition is cured sometimes by shock. She's tuning in every morning, waiting for the shock; says she'll let us know.

Chutes

PEOPLE have been circulating all sorts of stories as to why the Parachute Jump at the Fair wasn't opened until late in June. A usually reliable source told us that the manufacturers of Life Savers had withdrawn their advertising, and that the management couldn't find a new sponsor. We heard, also, that the government had frowned on the Parachute Jump, as being a possible training ground for Fifth Columnists. The real explanation is pretty prosaic, folks. What's usually the cause of such delays? Litigation, of course. Last year, Commander James H. Strong, U.S.N., Retired, owner of the patent rights and president of the operating corporation, failed to receive all of his salary. He therefore resigned his position, declared his contract breached, and withdrew permission to use his patents. The other stockholders sought an injunction against his withdrawal of the patent rights, offering to clear up all arrears if they were allowed to operate this year. The case was dragging along through the courts, with a final hearing before the Federal Court set for July 15th, when the Fair Corporation stepped in and said that if the jump wasn't put in operation right away they'd take the tower down. This brought about an immediate peace. Commander Strong has agreed to accept a percentage of the gate receipts in lieu of salary.

Prior to his retirement seven years ago, Commander Strong was in charge of training Naval bombing squadrons. After this, he erected two 125-foot towers at Hightstown, New Jersey, where he lives. They have captive chutes which open with rip cords. Amelia Earhart tried one and approved of it, but the government, when Commander Strong suggested that similar towers be used to train fledgling pilots, wouldn't nibble. A number of motorized travellers driving between New York and Philadelphia did nibble, however, many of them applying for rides. An amusement concession in Chicago installed the equipment on a 185-foot tower, attracting crowds of customers, and the next step was the World's Fair enterprise. Plans are now afoot to install parachute towers in amusement parks all over the country. Also, the United States Army and Air Corps, awed by the fate of the Lowlands, have finally become interested, and may invest in a few towers of their own.

Menace

LAST week, a young New Yorker who is courting a girl in Canada got a nasty jolt, on the eve of his beloved's birthday, when he visited a Postal Telegraph office to arrange for "Happy Birthday to You" to be sung to her. "Toronto, Canada?" the clerk said, leafing through a book of instructions. "I'm sorry, but we don't sing in Canada." The fellow thinks maybe there's

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something about it in the Defence of Canada Act.

Aftermath

THE day after Wendell Willkie's nomination, there was little excitement in the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation offices at 20 Pine Street. Mr. Willkie, of course, was not on the premises, being still in Philadelphia. We took an elevator to the twenty-first floor and were greeted by an elderly male receptionist wearing a red, white, and blue Willkie button and a broad, contented smile, as if he had just swallowed a Taft delegate. We were referred to Mr. J. P. Flemming, the office manager, who was wearing an identical button, as were all the other people in sight. We felt positively naked. Mr. Flemming said that the day had been reasonably calm. Except for reporters and photographers, who filled Mr. Willkie's private wastebasket with discarded flash bulbs, the only unusual visitors had been two unidentified gentlemen, one requesting money with which to send a telegram of some kind to Kenneth Simpson, and the other just requesting money. They were both dismissed. The staff itself, numbering a hundred and fifty and spreading to the twentieth and twenty-second floors, was understandably elated, though not, according to Mr. Flemming, surprised. "It's something we all felt was going to happen," he said, adding that his one moment of doubt had come during the fifth ballot. The office opened at nine o'clock Friday morning as usual and the employees neglected their ordinary duties only to send their boss a telegram, which they all signed. It was dispatched about eleven-thirty. It said, "HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR CONTINUED SUCCESS." Mr. Flemming assured us that every man jack and lady jill had signed it and that if there are any Democrats around, they have pretended to be otherwise. Not a single Commonwealth official, incidentally, left his post during the campaign to help the Willkie drive.

Mr. Willkie last appeared at his office six days before his nomination. He dropped in for the afternoon, having flown from Bay City, Michigan. That evening he left for Philadelphia, taking with him his two secretaries. Prior to that, he hadn't been coming to the office regularly for a couple of months. Mr. Flemming took us into Mr. Willkie's private office, where the absence of his secretaries was clearly evident. His desk was littered with papers, except for the outgoing basket, which was empty. The office is spacious and air-conditioned, and affords an excellent view of the J. P. Morgan building. We counted nine leather-upholstered chairs. Other furnishings include a table, a hat-rack, a glass-faced cabinet full of law-books, a green carpet, and a brass spittoon. On the desk were a single telephone, four miniature elephants, and a clock presented to Willkie by the directors of the South Akron Savings Association in September, 1929. On the walls were photographs of five Commonwealth & Southern executives, and of Newton D. Baker and James W. Gerard—all suitably autographed. There were also two original paintings of refrigerators, which had been used in General Electric and Westinghouse advertising campaigns. Among the book titles we noticed were "Jobs for All," "A Brief for Public Relations," "People's Wants and How to Satisfy Them," "Magnificent Delusion," "Address Upon the American Road," by Herbert Hoover, and "Who's Who," which Mr. Flemming picked up with the thought of imparting more to us about his chief. He threw it down almost instantly. "This is no good," he told us. "It says he's a Democrat."

"You can have this one cheap. He's a little stir-crazy."

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Forlorn Hope

EVERY now and then a group of New York school children are admitted free to one of the Giants' home games at the Polo Grounds. Their enthusiasm runs high, of course, and the cheers from the bleachers are deafening. Lately, however, they seem to have lost the old fight. A fan who sat near the kiddy section the other day reports that they have abandoned the conventional war cries, "We want a homer!" and "We want a hit!" When the Giants came to bat in the sixth, one run behind, the tots burst into spontaneous cries directed at the opponents, "We want an error!"

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THIS FLOWER, SAFETY

Miss Mildred Ewing had lived at the Hotel San Remo, Crumpington-on-Sea, since the beginning of the war. Her London house, one of those vast, dirty stucco fortresses of the past that are still to be seen in the squares of Belgravia, was untenanted except for an old caretaker living in the basement. Although the rooms had been put away carefully under dust sheets, their contents packed in newspapers or tenderly wrapped in baize, the dust had probably seeped in to lie in the dulling mahogany curlicues of the Chippendale chairs, the Georgian silver must be tarnishing slowly, the china cupids acquiring a film of gray on their dimpled pink thighs. Miss Ewing thought of this gradual disintegration of her property with calm, even with indifference. Before the war cut her life so sharply in two, she had cherished her possessions jealously. The best of the silver had mounted to bed with the butler every night; rather than risk the slapdash methods of the modern housemaid, Miss Ewing had washed the china cupids herself, with her sleeves rolled high on her thin arms and her diamond rings in a little pile beside the basin. Now that she had discovered the important truth that her flesh was as brittle as theirs and far more precious, the safety of china cupids had become irrelevant.

Miss Ewing was safe at Crumpington-on-Sea. She and her elderly maid, Sparks, enjoyed the security of that sunny little watering place, which was sometimes quite like the Riviera, really. Sparks enjoyed it a good deal more than the previous annual sojourns in Nice or Mentone. What with the library and a couple of cinemas and the Crumpington Pavilion, where a women's orchestra played jolly operatic selections at teatime, Sparks found plenty of entertainment for every minute of the day, and it was nice not to have people speaking a foreign lingo round you. She quickly found cronies, too, for there were other elderly ladies with maids staying at the San Remo. At dinner, the white heads made the dining room look like a cotton field at harvest; if the war news was "upsetting," they became tremulous and the diamond earrings bobbed and quivered in the frail old ears. Miss Ewing and the other ladies dreaded bad news, because it reacted distressingly on their digestive systems, causing quite a run on sodamints at the chemist's and a constant pattering of feet in the upper corridors of the hotel during the small hours of the morning. On the whole, however, the war seemed reassuringly remote from this cheerful haven—from the attentive headwaiter respectfully suggesting a nice Graves and the Crumpington Pavilion ladies merrily scraping away at "Carmen." Everyone said that Crumpington-on-Sea was the safest place in England. One spring day, Mrs. Prentiss received a letter which she read aloud in the lounge. The letter was from her son, who was something high up in the War Office, and it said what a great relief it was to feel that Mrs. Prentiss was there, well out of the way of air raids. Hearing high authority's assurance that they had picked a good spot, Miss Ewing and the other ladies nodded at each other pleasantly over their knitting; all the tea-gown laps were full of khaki and navy-blue wool that would end up as comforts for the brave boys who were having such a horrid time somewhere so that the Graves could arrive properly chilled on Miss Ewing's table and Mrs. Prentiss could be lugged in a Bath chair unmolested along the sea front.

"Oh, yes, we're wonderfully safe here," said Miss Challoner, shooing her fox terrier off a completed Balaclava. "If you come to think of it, there's nothing near that could possibly interest the Germans—not an aerodrome or a camp or anything."

The ladies thought of it, and agreed with Miss Challoner that Crumpington did seem to be especially blessed. That night, as she was putting her mistress to bed, Sparks suggested that Miss Ewing might write to the London caretaker and arrange for the most valuable china and silver to be removed to the bank.

"I don't care what happens to it," said Miss Ewing. "I don't care if I never see it again. Probably I shan't go back to London when the war is over."

"Oh now, Madam, you'd think very different if it was the season starting, and all your friends there, and the opera coming on and

"Where's the naked dames?"

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all," Sparks said, tucking in the eiderdown.

"No, I shall never go back," said Miss Ewing, thinking with a shudder of those dreadfully "upsetting" last days, of the sirens sounding, of people running in the square, their gas masks thumping against their backs. When Sparks thought of London, she saw Miss Ewing in her sables setting off for Covent Garden. When Miss Ewing thought of London, she saw herself lying dead in the wreckage of her father's Chippendale dining suite, the dust drifting down on her upturned face.

"Mrs. Prentiss's son says that we're so safe here," she said.

"Yes, we're in the best place, no doubt, Madam," said Sparks. "Though it doesn't seem that there's going to be any real war, not what you might call war, does it?"

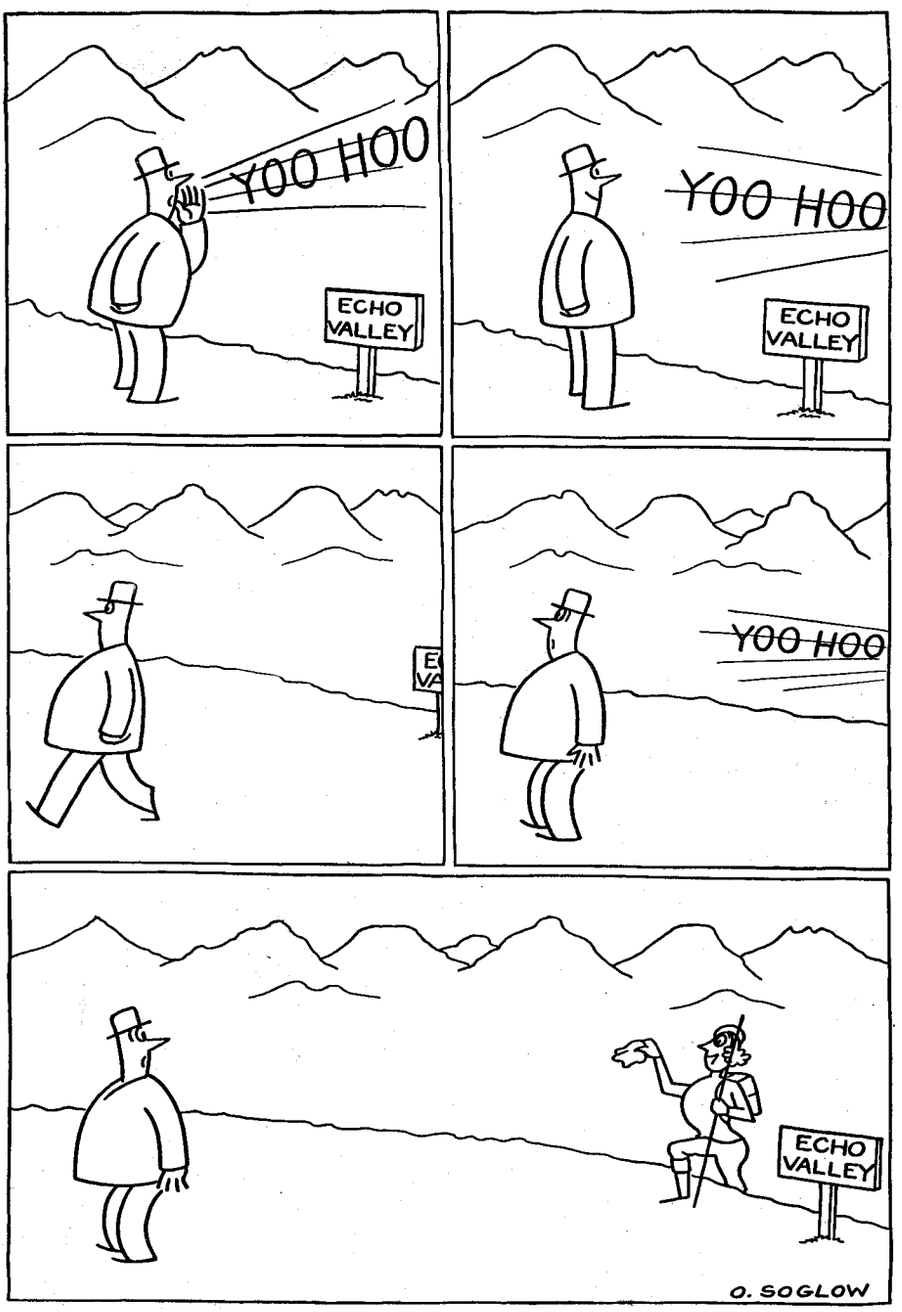
Feeling pleasantly drowsy, Miss Ewing murmured, "Miss Challoner thinks there's bound to be a revolution in Germany soon. She's always so well-informed. Pull the curtains right back when you've put the light out, Sparks. I like to hear the sea."

IT was a shock when, only a day or two later, things began to happen. One morning, before the old ladies had got their teeth in or their curled fronts adjusted or their stays laced for the day, the terrible noise started. The China tea slopped over in the trembling saucer as Miss Ewing listened, the windows in the Palm Court shivered as though gripped by an ague. At lunchtime nobody could eat, everyone was listening for the next heart-stopping rumble of gunfire. That night there were several muffled explosions that the headwaiter, not so attentive over the wine list as usual, thought might be depth charges out in the Channel.

Later, Sparks, peeping cautiously through the bedroom curtains, reported big flashes from the sea. "It's a raid going on over there, I should say, Madam," she said. She looked mysteriously flushed and exhilarated, something like an elderly vivandière as she clutched the bottle of brandy that Miss Ewing always had, in case of emergencies, beside her bed.

"Put down the brandy and go to bed," Miss Ewing commanded her sharply.

Miss Ewing had a shocking night and came down next morning, gray-faced, to find that one or two of the more nervous hotel guests had already left.



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The gunfire rumbled away across the Channel all that week, sometimes louder, sometimes softer. A picture fell off the wall in Miss Challoner's room, narrowly missing the fox terrier, and Mrs. Prentiss's son wrote that it might be as well if his mother tried a change, say to Torquay, for a bit. After she had gone the rout set in. The lift made innumerable wheezing journeys up and down, packed with suitcases. Hired Daimlers stood at the door, and the old ladies stepped in, followed by maids with rugs and jewel cases, and sped away, part of the tragic pattern of speeding cars, trudging people, laden farm carts, that was spreading out over the face of Europe. Miss Ewing went, too, having wired to a married nephew who lived in the depths of the country, far removed from the coast, to expect her and Sparks for a visit.

MISS EWING arrived at her nephew's old house and was comforted because it was set so deeply in leafy lanes. For the first few days she did nothing but sit about listening to the silence, drinking it in greedily, as though it were a precious draught of spring water. Planes passed overhead a good deal, but she was quickly able to distinguish the red, white, and blue circles, and after a bit they gave her a comfortable feeling of security, like the sight of a policeman going the rounds at night. With a little

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imagination, it would almost have been possible to forget the war completely. Of course, there was the wireless, but she avoided listening to it as much as possible. Her nephew and his wife listened at all hours; their eldest boy had got his commission in October. Miss Ewing sat out in the garden and knitted him a Balaclava. Her appetite was marvellous. During those terrible last days at Crumpington she had been unable to eat anything, but now she ate an excellent dinner, slept like a top, and woke up looking forward to the weighty breakfast tray with which Sparks staggered upstairs every morning.

"We're so safe here, Sparks. We ought to be very grateful," she said, pouring out her coffee and just glancing quickly at the headlines of the nice little picture paper, which made everything sound so much better than the *Times* did. Sparks, who hankered after the fleshpots of Crumpington, agreed somewhat sourly.

One night, a week or so after Miss Ewing's arrival, her nephew and his wife discussed in low tones the possibility of Aunt Mildred's leaving, and decided hopelessly that she was there for the duration. Fate, however, arranged otherwise. A couple of nights later a lone German bomber, making off in a hurry after an unsuccessful search for the flying field from which Miss Ewing's friendly red, white, and blue planes came, unloaded his bombs over some woods only a mile or so from the house. The noise of the explosions, followed by the sound of fire engines dashing by, the local gentlemen in wardens' tin hats rushing about, the sight of Sparks shivering in the gas mask which she had donned at the first explosion all put Miss Ewing in a state of prostration which even the brandy couldn't help much. Next day a man was putting new glass in the damaged windows as Miss Ewing came downstairs, gloved and toqued, followed by Sparks, white-faced from night alarums and morning packing. While they waited for the hired car, Miss Ewing's nephew asked where she was going. The wings on her toque quivered agitatedly as she cried, "Anywhere! Anywhere to be quiet, to be safe!" Less vaguely, she said that she was heading for a secluded hotel, high on a Welsh mountain; what seemed like a systematic German persecution could hardly follow her there.

"You'll be just in time to get a good view of the invasion from Ireland, Aunt Mildred," her nephew said with a touch of malice.

Tugging at a doeskin glove so violently that it split at the seam, she stared at him and groaned, "Do they really think it will come that way?"

"It's been suggested," he said.

"Then where—*where* can one count on being safe?" cried Miss Ewing, reaching for her bag as though she had a vague idea that it might contain the note, the coin, with which to purchase this urgent necessity.

"Nowhere," he said sombrely.

At that moment the car appeared and Miss Ewing, getting in, sped away once more with her maid, her jewel case, her travelling rugs—the sad little caravan which was all that remained of her treasure on earth. If necessary for her safety, she would jettison even those remnants as ruthlessly as the German pilot had jettisoned his bombs. To be safe, that was all that mattered—to die in her own time and her own bed and not be splattered with anonymous violence over some stranger's field. "It's such a quiet hotel, right up on that mountain," she said to the silent Sparks. "Nothing like the San Remo, of course, but it's well out of the way of things. There's nothing round there that could possibly attract—you know what." After a pause she added loudly, defiantly, as though someone had spoken, "Nothing!" and dabbed her handkerchief against her unsteady lips.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

POEM OF GRATUITOUS INVECTIVE AGAINST NEW JERSEY

Gray-suited Hudson like an endless freight
Rolls past the Drive, its motion separates
Manhattan gneiss from traprock Palisades
And us from Jersey. Here, moored and motionless,
The fuelling barge awaits a signal.
There minutemen stamp for the hour of action.
Here the machine awaits the word of man.
There the machine-man motivates himself.

Roll on, Hudson, keep us still from Jersey.

Above, a bird inspection gives no news
Unless a nervous circling may foretell
A nervous circling. The sparkling parkway
Ripples as it roars; its streams roll faster
On macadam shores than those in rocky channel.
Above the slow stream hungry fishers fly,
Above the fast there is untrammelled sky,
And yet a nervous circling of the eye
Turns ever toward those angering Palisades.

Roll on, Hudson, keep us still from Jersey.

O state of rash ideas, of hasty action,
Stay far from this our city of bright plumes.
Our walks are musical, our buildings ride like corks
On the wave of morning. Sun strikes us
As we leave our tall stone doorways.
What would you know of mornings, minute-minds?
What would you know of sunlight, vigilantes?
Parkway, river, railroad train, and Drive—

Gray Hudson, roll on, keep us still from Jersey.

—Robert Lax

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"Look! I must be engaged!"

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THE BALLET VISITS THE SPLENDIDE'S MAGICIAN

THE management of the Hotel Splendide, the luxurious establishment where I once worked as a busboy, a waiter, and eventually as an assistant maître d'hôtel in the banquet department, kept on file the addresses of a number of men who were magicians, fortune-tellers, or experts with cards. One of these entertainers frequently appeared at the end of the small dinner parties which were given in the private suites of the Splendide in the boom days, before the depression put an end to such pastimes and at last brought about the demise of the Splendide itself. Our entertainers had acclimated their acts to the elegance of the hotel, and the magicians, for example, instead of conjuring a simple white rabbit from their hats, cooked therein a soufflé Alaska or brought out a prize puppy with a rhinestone collar. When young girls were present, the magician pulled from their noses and out of corsages Cartier clips, bracelets, and brooches, which were presented to them with the compliments of the host.

Among the best and most talented of our performers was Professor Maurice Gorylescu, a magician who did some palmistry on the side. He came to the hotel as often as two or three times a week. After coffee had been served, he would enter the private dining room, get people to write any number they wanted to on small bits of paper, and hold the paper to their foreheads. Then he would guess the numbers they had written down and add them up. The total would correspond to a sum he found on a dollar bill in the host's pocket. He did tricks with cards and coins, and he told people about the characteristics and the habits of dress and speech of friends long dead. He even delivered messages from them to the living.

At the end of his séances he would go into some vacant room nearby, sink into a chair, and sit for a while with his hand over his eyes. He always looked very tired. After about half an hour he would shake himself, drink a glass of water slowly, then eat something and go home.

Professor Gorylescu earned a good deal of money. His fee for a single performance was a flat hundred dollars, and he sometimes received that much again as a tip from a grateful host. But although he worked all during the season he spent everything he made and often asked for and received his fee in advance. All he earned went to women—to the support of a Rumanian wife in Bucharest, to an American one who lived somewhere in New Jersey, and to what must have been a considerable number of New York girls of all nationalities to whom he sent little gifts and flowers.

When he came to the hotel during the day, he would hang his cane on the doorknob outside the ballroom office, ask me for a cigarette, and after a while steal a look at the book in which the reservations for small dinners were recorded. Very casually, and while talking of other things, he would turn the leaves and say something like "Looks very nice for the next two months," and put the book back. It took only a few seconds, but in this time his trick mind had stored away all the names, addresses, dates, and telephone numbers in the book. He went home with this information, called up the prospective party-givers, and offered his services.

There was a strict rule that no one should be permitted to look at these reservations, certainly not Professor Gorylescu, but I liked him, and when I was on duty in the ballroom office I would pretend not to see him when he peeked in the book. I also gave him left-over *petits fours*, candies, and after-dinner mints, of which he was very fond. He stuffed them into his pockets without bothering to wrap them up. He would wave goodbye with his immense hands, ask me to visit him soon at his home, and suggest that I bring along some *marrons glacés*, pastry, nuts—anything like that—and then he would leave, a stooping, uncouth figure, bigger than our tallest doorman.

MAURICE GORYLESCU lived on one of the mediocre streets that run between Riverside Drive and West End Avenue. He had a room in one of the small marble mansions that are common in that neighborhood. The rooming house in which Gorylescu lived was outstanding even among the ornate buildings of that district. It was a sort of junior Frankenstein castle, bedecked with small turrets, loggias, and balconies. It faced the sidewalk across a kind of moat—an air shaft for the basement windows—traversed by a granite bridge. The door was hung on heavy iron hinges that reached all the way across.

The character of this house was, moreover, complemented by the woman who rented its rooms, a Mrs. Houlberg. She stood guard much of the time at the window next to the moat, looking out over a sign that read "Vacancies." She always covered three-quarters of her face with her right hand, a long hand that lay diagonally across her face, the palm over her mouth, the nails of the fingers stopping under the right eye. It looked like a mask, and as if she always had a toothache.

Gorylescu lived on the top-floor front and answered to four short rings and one long one of a shrill bell that was in Mrs. Houlberg's entrance hall. Badly worn banisters led up four flights of stairs. From the balcony of his room one could see the time flash on and off in Jersey and the searchlights of a battleship in the Hudson. The room was large and newly painted in a wet, loud red, the shade of the inside of a watermelon. A spotty chartreuse velvet coverlet decorated a studio couch. Facing this was a chair, a piece of furniture such as you see in hotel lobbies or club cars, covered with striped muslin and padded with down. There was also a Sheraton highboy, which stood near a door that led into an

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adjoining room which was not his. From the ceiling hung a cheap bazaar lamp with carmine glass panes behind filigree panels. On shelves and on a table were the photographs of many women; in a box, tied together with ribbons in various colors, he kept packets of letters, and in a particular drawer of the highboy was a woman's garter, an old girdle, and various other disorderly trophies.

Gorylescu reclined on the studio bed most of the time when he was at home. He wore a Russian blouse that buttoned under the left ear, and he smoked through a cigarette holder a foot long. One of his eyes was smaller and lower down in his face than the other, and between them rose a retroussé nose, a trumpet of a nose, with cavernous nostrils. Frequently and with great ceremony he sounded it into an immense handkerchief. His cigar-colored skin was spotted as if with a bluish kind of buckshot, and when he was happy he hummed through his nose, mostly the melody of a song whose title was "Tu Sais."

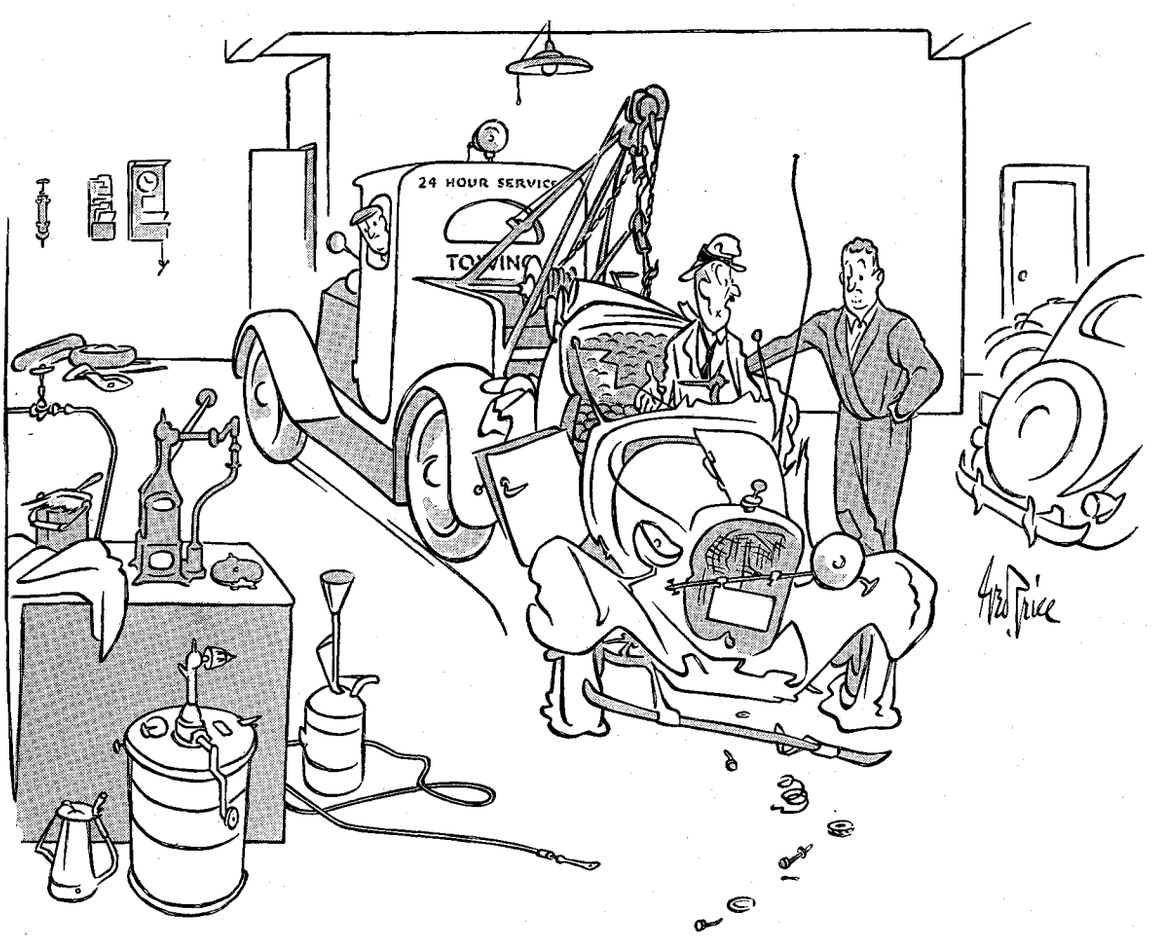
At home he was almost constantly in the company of women. He made the acquaintance of some of them at parties where he had entertained. They brought him gifts, and if they were fat and old, he read their minds and told them things of the past and future. At other times he went looking for girls along Riverside Drive, humming through his nose, and dragging after him a heavy cane whose handle was hooked into his coat pocket.

He went to various other places to find girls. He picked them up at dance halls in Harlem, on the subway, on roller coasters. He easily became acquainted with them anywhere, and they came to his room willingly and took their chances with him. I always thought I might find one of them, dead and naked, behind the Japanese screen, where he kept a rowing machine on which he built himself up. For the space of time that I knew him, love, murder, and that man seemed to be close together and that room the inevitable theatre for it.

The Professor gave me a series of lectures during my visits to his room in which he detailed for me the routines and the mechanisms of his untidy passions. He insisted during these long *études* that the most important piece of strategy was to get the subject to remove her shoes. "Once the shoes are off, the battle is already half won," he would say. "Get a woman to walk around without shoes, without heels—she looks a fool, she feels a fool, she is a fool. Without her shoes, she is lost. Take the soft instep in your hand, caress her ankles, her calf, her knee—the rest is child's play. But remember, first off with the shoes." While he talked, he would scratch his cat, which was part Siamese. The lecture was followed by a display of the collection of photographs he himself had taken, as evidence of the soundness of his theories.

WHEN the Russian Ballet came to town, Professor Gorylescu was not to be had for any parties at the hotel. He went to all the performances, matinées and evenings alike, and he hummed then the music of "Pupenfee," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and the various *divertissements*, and was completely broke. One day he was in a state of the highest elation because he had invited a ballet dancer to tea. He wanted me to come too because she had a friend, who would be an extra girl for me; both of them were exquisite creatures, he assured me, and I was to bring some tea, *marrons glacés*, *petits fours*, and ladyfingers.

I came early and I brought everything. He darkened the room, lit a brass samovar, laid out some cigarettes, sliced some lemons, hid the rowing machine under the studio couch, and with the Japanese silk screen divided the room into two separate camps. On one side was the couch, on the other the great chair. He buttoned his Russian blouse, blew his nose frequently, and hummed as he walked up and down. He brushed the cat and put away a Spanish costume doll that might have made his couch crowded. He arranged the *petits fours* in saucers, and when the bell rang four times short and one long, he put a Chopin record on his victrola. "Remember about the shoes," he told



"Gabriel Heatter sounded an ominous note as I rounded a curve."

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"Andrew, how much is seven hundred billion dollars?"

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me over his shoulder, "and always play Chopin for ballet dancers." He quickly surveyed the room once more, turned on the bazaar lamp, and, humming, opened the door—and then stopped humming suddenly. He had invited two of the dancers, but up the stairs came a bouquet of girls, more than a dozen of them.

All at once it was the month of May in the dimmed room. The lovely guests complimented the samovar, the cat, the music, and the view from the balcony, to which they had opened the door, letting much fresh air come in, which intensified the new mood. Gorylescu's voice became metallic with introductions; he ran downstairs to get more glasses for tea and came back breathing heavily. All the girls, without being asked, took their shoes off immediately, explaining that their feet hurt from dancing. They arranged the shoes in an orderly row, as one does on entering a Japanese house or a mosque, then sat down on the floor in a circle. One of them even removed her stockings and put some slices of lemon between her toes. "Ah-h-h," she said.

There started after this a bewildering and alien conversation, a remote, foggy ritual, like a Shinto ceremonial. It consisted of the telling of ballet stories, and seemed to me a high, wild flight into a world closed to the outsider. The stories were told over and over until every detail was correct. In all of these stories appeared Anna Pavlova, who was referred to as "Madame"—what Madame had said, what Madame had done, what she had thought, what she had worn, how she had danced. There was an atmosphere of furious backstage patriotism. The teller of each story swayed and danced with hands, shoulders, and face. Every word was illustrated; for anything mentioned—color, light, time, and person—there was a surprisingly expressive and fitting gesture. The talker was rewarded with applause, with requests for repetition of this or that part again and again, and there swept over the group of girls waves of intimate, fervent emotion.

The Professor served tea on his hands and knees and retired to the shadows of his room. He sat for a while in the great chair like a bird with a wounded wing, and then, with his sagging and cumbersome gait, he wandered around the group of innocents, who sat straight as so many candles, all with their shoes off. The room was alive with young heads and throats and flanks.

The Professor succeeded finally in putting his head into the lap of the tallest, the most racy of the nymphs. She quickly kissed him, said "Sh-h-h-h, daaaahrling," and then caressed his features, the terrible nose, the eyebrows, the corrugated temples, and the great hands, with the professional detachment of a masseuse, while she related an episode in Cairo during a performance of "Giselle" when the apparatus that carried Pavlova up out of her grave to her lover got stuck halfway, and how Madame had cursed and what she had said after the performance and to whom she had said it. An indignant fire burned in all the narrowed eyes of the disciples as she talked.

Suddenly one of them looked at her watch, remembered a rehearsal, and the girls got up and remembered us. They all had Russian names, but all of them were English, as most ballet dancers are; in their best accents, they said their adieus. With individual graces, they arranged their hair, slipped into their shoes, and thanked Maurice. Each one of them said "Daaaahrling" to us and to each other. It was Madame Pavlova's form of address and her pronunciation.

All the girls kissed us, and it was as if we all had grown up in the same garden, as if they were all our sisters. The Professor said a few mouthfuls of gallant compliments, and when they were gone he fished the rowing machine out from under the couch, without a word, and carried it in back of the Japanese screen. Together, we rearranged the room. The *marrons glacés* and the ladyfingers were all gone, but the cigarettes were still there.

—Ludwig Bemelmans

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Mr. Appel said that Mr. Rilik threw him down a flight of stairs after breaking into his apartment. Up to that time the men had not met.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Seems a pity.

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HAUNTED HOUSE

THE three women sat at the bridge table waiting for Libby MacKnight. She was usually late, as she lived near Mount Kisco and had difficulty with the trains. Helen Thomas looked at the clock. It was almost half past two. "*This* is the limit," she said. "I told her quarter *of* two, because I knew she'd be late. I thought that would get her here by two, at least."

"I don't know why she wanted to move out there, anyway," Laura Ward said.

Helen Thomas pulled her chair closer to the table and spread the cards. "Let's cut," she said. "I'll cut for Libby."

There was a ring at the door, and in a few minutes a small, plump, pink-cheeked woman came into the room. "I'm late," she said breathlessly. She took off her hat and smoothed her hair. "I missed the train I intended taking and had to wait for the next. I've been in a perfect dither all day."

"We cut for you," Helen Thomas told her. "You play with me."

Mrs. MacKnight moved a straight chair away from the table and pulled a low, upholstered one over in its place. "Do you mind?" she asked. "Those straight chairs of yours do something to the base of my spine. Now, if I can have a cushion, I'll be all set."

"Your deal," Mrs. Ward said.

Libby MacKnight opened her bag and took out a cigarette case. "I've been through the most amazing experience. You'll think I'm making it up when I tell you."

"Now, Libby, *really*," Allie Bronson said. "We've been waiting for hours as it is."

"It won't take a minute, and it's an amazing story. I can deal while I'm telling it. It was like this. These people asked us to dinner."

"What people?" Helen Thomas asked.

"These people we know. They're perfectly charming. He used to be a professor, and they have the loveliest place. Ancient, and simply swimming in atmosphere."

"Do they play bridge?" Allie Bronson asked.

"No," Libby MacKnight said shortly, "they don't. They sit around and talk, *and* they have something to talk about. Anyway, they asked us over for dinner and they never mentioned a thing about their house. If they had, I might have been expecting something of the sort, and that might explain it. We were sitting in the living room sipping our sherry, when the door suddenly opened."

She looked at the three women and paused dramatically.

"Well?" Helen Thomas asked.

"There was no one there!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Libby!" Allie Bronson exclaimed. "I suppose now you're going to say that the house was haunted."

"Wait," Mrs. MacKnight said. Her voice was almost a whisper. "Of course, that was nothing. A door might easily open by itself. I didn't think anything of it at all. I simply asked Mrs. Torrance—that's this woman's name—if she minded if I closed the door, as I felt a draft. Well, she looked at her husband and they both smiled. I got up and shut the door, and I hadn't even *sat down* when the door opened again!"

"*Really*, Libby!" Helen Thomas exclaimed impatiently. "The catch was probably loose."

"That isn't all. When the door opened, we all sort of laughed, and Mrs. Torrance said that she guessed it wasn't much use."

"I'd like to meet her," Laura Ward said.

"Well," Libby MacKnight went on, "they acted so strangely about it that I didn't say anything more, but I began to feel funny."

"It's probably something to do with their radio," Allie Bronson said. "I read somewhere about a man that got all sorts of radio programs through his *radiator*. Isn't that odd?"

"They haven't got a radio," Mrs. MacKnight said. "They *loathe* radios, both of them, and I can't say I blame them." Some of the pinkness had gone out of her cheeks and her voice seemed subdued. "Well, that was all that happened before dinner. But *after* dinner we were sitting in the living room again, and the maid came in to say she was leaving."

"For good?" Helen Thomas asked.

"Certainly not for good. She goes home every night."

"How inconvenient!"

"Your Hilda used to go home at night," Libby MacKnight retorted. "So after the maid had gone we heard a terrible crash in the kitchen. I can't describe it exactly, except that it was this terrible crash and then a *peculiar* silence. I nearly jumped out of my skin. And neither Mr. Torrance nor Mrs. Torrance paid the slightest bit of attention to it. I said, 'Goodness, what was that?' And Mrs. Torrance said the maid must have left the window open or something."

"Who was that tenor who used to be able to break a glass by just singing at it?" Mrs. Bronson asked.

"After that," Mrs. MacKnight went on determinedly, "I could have sworn I heard footsteps. Finally I asked Mrs. Torrance casually if anything had ever *happened* in the house in the past. A murder or some great tragedy. And she said not that she knew of."

"Personally, I don't think it's healthy to let one's imagination run away with one," Helen Thomas said.

"It wasn't my imagination. And while the Torrances didn't say much, *I* thought they acted very strangely."

"There was all that talk about Houdini a few years ago," Mrs. Bronson said, "and he never came back. I think if anyone could have gotten back, he could. When nothing happened about him, I put the whole thing out of my mind and haven't given it a thought since."

"There was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," Mrs. MacKnight reminded her.

"Oh, *him*! He was hipped on the subject. Some people will believe anything."

"Just the same, it was very strange," Mrs. MacKnight said stubbornly.

HELEN THOMAS picked up her cards and began sorting them hurriedly. To anyone who knew her, it was obvious that she had at least five honor tricks.

"I couldn't sleep for wondering about it," Mrs. MacKnight persisted. "And even Harry couldn't explain it, and you know how Harry is about such things. *I* think their house is *haunted*, and *I* think they know it."

"Your bid, Libby," Helen Thomas said.

Mrs. MacKnight looked at her hand and sighed. "I'll pass."

"Pass," Mrs. Ward echoed.

"I'll bid *two* spades," Helen Thomas said. Her voice was loud and clear. "Did you hear that, Libby? *Two* spades."

—SALLY BENSON

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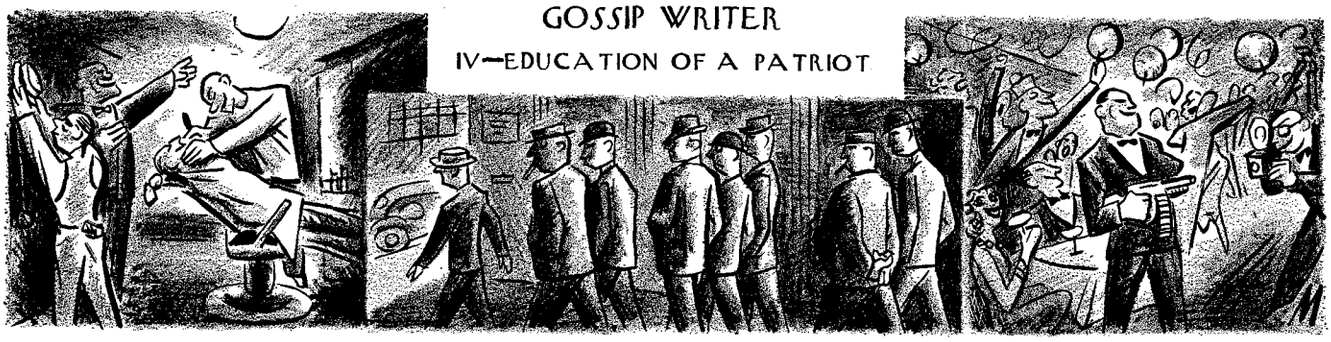
PROFILES

GOSSIP WRITER

IV—EDUCATION OF A PATRIOT



IN 1922, Walter Winchell was a poverty-stricken ex-vaudevillian earning $25 a week writing uninspired notes and hustling advertisements for a theatrical trade paper on Broadway. In 1929, he was a Hearst gossip columnist, hired at a salary of $500 a week to start. There is inspirational material in such a progress, the traditional success story of the persistent poor boy. Since Winchell joined the Hearst organization, however, he has accomplished a number of feats more astounding than his rise from rags to riches. One of these is that, having been an intimate friend of Owney Madden, New York's No. 1 gang leader of the prohibition era, he became, in the short space of two years, the public pal of J. Edgar Hoover, the No. 1 G-man of the repeal era. Another is that, having openly expressed complete indifference toward national politics just before the election of 1932, and scorn for all the candidates, he became in a few months such a vociferous worshipper of Franklin D. Roosevelt that he got an appreciative letter soon afterward from the White House and has since been received there more than once. Thirdly, under the very eyes of his readers, and without causing them to blink or shudder, he has become a cosmopolitan thinker who can with a straight face cable advice to a British Prime Minister.

All this has not been a mere transformation of personality or a conventional climb from one rung of the ladder to the next. Winchell remained a friend of gangsters long after he became the unofficial press agent of the G-men. Furthermore, he continues to write scandalous gossip in the same columns in which he insists that America is, as he calls it, "okay."

Winchell became a great patriot without losing touch with the common man. On November 22, 1938, he wrote in his column as follows:

On Thursday next, Thanksgiving Day, every American should look about him, and weigh what it means to be an American... We should all be thankful that in Civilization's Darkest Hour, our country is the land that stands for Freedom, Tolerance and the Dignity of Man.

Just one year before that, he had written in the same place:

The most interesting person I've seen in ages is a 16-year-old girl from Ohio, whose specialty is making a muscle in her shapely chest wiggle. She came to join a girlesk show and her aunt—a former member of the Beef Trust, who did it for years—taught it to her.

You can't tell exactly how Winchell manages to shift his gaze without a hitch from the wiggling chest of a sixteen-year-old girl to the dignity of man; you can only watch him shift, as you watch a trick play on a football field. His double shift from gangsters to G-men and from political cynic to patriot, which preceded his shift from the girl's chest to man's dignity, has to do with concrete facts, however, and is easy to follow. It was an outgrowth of the murder of one Vincent Coll on February 8, 1932, and certain events which occurred immediately before and after it. To understand it, a recollection of gang-war history is necessary. The facts will serve to bring up a remembrance of the spirit of those times.

VINCENT COLL had been a gunman for the gang leader Dutch Schultz, who controlled uptown New York, but had left Schultz and gone into business for himself. He began raiding Schultz's beer drops, as the storage places were called, and stealing Schultz's beer. Schultz decided to kill Coll. His gunmen went after him, missed him, but managed to kill Coll's brother, Peter. Then Coll and his gunmen went after Schultz, missed him, but killed a five-year-old boy and wounded four other children playing on the sidewalk on East 107th Street. This was known as "The Baby Killing" and is acknowledged by historians of the period as the incident which turned public sentiment away from gangsters and in the direction of law and order. Coll was arrested and tried for the murder of the five-year-old boy, but his attorney, Samuel Leibowitz, tore the police case to pieces and the judge directed a verdict of acquittal. Coll was freed and went back to work. Before the baby killing he had kidnapped one Big Frenchy DeMange, a night-club owner, who was a friend of Owney Madden, the gang leader who controlled midtown New York. Madden had not wanted to see his friend Big Frenchy killed and had paid Coll some $35,000 for his release. Now Coll decided to kidnap one Jack Marron, a brother-in-law of Madden, and word of this reached Madden. Schultz and Madden thus both had good reason to want to see Coll killed, and they were friendly, having reached an agreement as to boundaries between uptown and midtown.

Winchell had been on good and easy-going terms with Schultz and Madden for some years before all this. He had first met Madden in a barbershop near Broadway in the West Fifties. The shop was patronized by members of the Madden mob, by Madden himself, and by various gossip writers, including Winchell.

Madden went out of his way to make friends with gossip writers during the prohibition period because he owned or controlled most of the midtown night clubs and the items the columnists wrote about these places were extremely helpful to business. As Ed Sullivan, gossip writer on the *News*, remarked recently in an interview, "You just had to ask Owney for anything you wanted and you'd get it—protection, special favors, and that kind of stuff. It was like knowing the Mayor to know Madden." This was an inept comparison. To know Mayor James J. Walker then was comparatively easy and was of no great consequence. To know Madden was a priv-

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ilege reserved for the true aristocracy of New York's café society, of which the gossip columnists were the arbiters.

When Madden first met Winchell, he already knew who Winchell was. He introduced himself and said to him, "You're Winchell, aren't you?," shook hands with him warmly, and insisted on paying his barber's check. The link between barbers, gangsters, gossip writers, and café society is discernible to this day. The barbers who once shaved the gangsters and gossip writers have moved into the cafés. The favorite barbershop of the gangsters and the gossip columnists was for a while the Hollywood Barber Shop at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street. It was there that one of the last surviving members of the Dutch Schultz gang was shot up after Schultz himself had been murdered in Newark on October 23, 1935. Winchell had been in the Hollywood the day before. Nervous, Winchell later remarked to his friend Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, that he might easily have been there on the day of the shooting and that there ought to be some place where he could get shaved in safety. Billingsley obligingly fixed up a barbershop over the Stork Club and hired one of the barbers from the Hollywood Barber Shop to preside. Another of the old Hollywood barbers opened a shop in a café on the West Side. The subsequent reorganization of the Hollywood, which now caters to ordinary men in need of shaves and haircuts, was perhaps the official end of the gangster era.

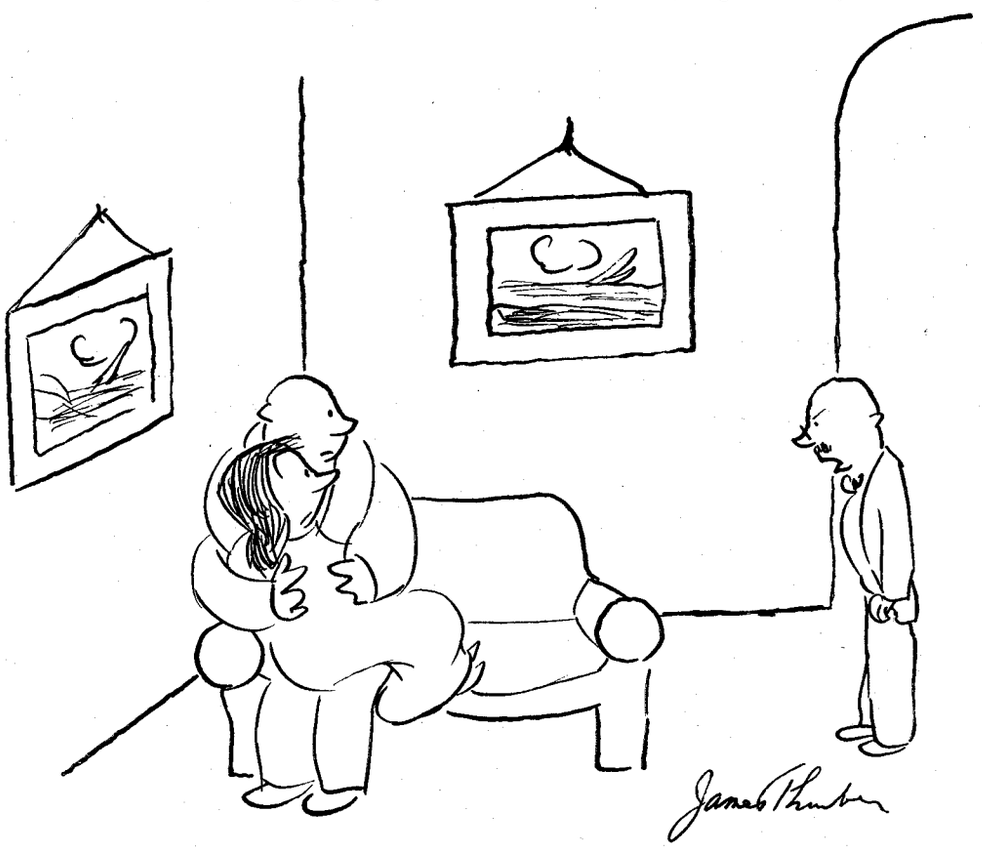
MADDEN used to give large parties at hotels and restaurants around town, and he invited Winchell to these now and then. Winchell accompanied Madden regularly to prizefights at Madison Square Garden and once escorted him to the office of the *Herald Tribune* to complain to the city editor about the fact that every time the *Herald Tribune* mentioned Madden it called attention to the fact that he had served a term for homicide. Winchell and Madden urged the city editor to have his reporters stop doing this.

One time, sitting in one of his own night clubs, Madden said to Winchell in the presence of others that if ever Winchell wanted anything, he had only to say the word. Winchell, cocky then as now, asked joshingly, "What could *you* do for *me*?," and everybody laughed except Madden. Madden was touchy in those days and was always expecting to be made fun of by the bright young people he met in his clubs. He gave Winchell a look which, if it had lasted longer, might easily have been interpreted by his omnipresent gunmen as the thumbs-down gesture of a Caesar. Winchell acted quickly. "Jeez, Owney," he said anxiously, "I mean —I got everything I want. Plenty of dough and all. Look," he went on, and pulled out a roll of bills from his pocket. Along with the bills he inadvertently pulled out a Morris Plan loan book. He hadn't been working for Hearst very long then and was in debt here and there, although he had several savings accounts. The loan book fell on the table. In his confusion, Winchell tried to stuff it back into his pocket, but Madden and everybody sitting there saw it. The joke was then on Winchell. Madden was able to laugh.

Winchell never accepted money from gangsters, although any one of the big fellows of the time would willingly have subsidized him because of his power to make a night spot with an item in his column. He has always had a proud and shrewd respect for his journalistic independence. He is genuinely and sincerely above that sort of thing on ethical grounds. It is one of his idiosyncrasies, an item in one of his personal codes. In those days, moreover, it was unwise for a journalist to become too closely associated with any one gang. Jake Lingle, a Chicago newspaperman, was shot in the back of the head, fatally, for doing just that.

Madden later on learned that Winchell had admired a Stutz roadster in a show window on Columbus Circle. Winchell had no car at this time. Madden bought the Stutz and had it delivered to Winchell. This was extremely embarrassing to Winchell, aside from ethical considerations. If he accepted the Stutz, it would be known by everybody in the underworld. Madden might go to war any time with a rival gang and Winchell might be marked as a too-intimate pal of Madden's by these hypothetical adversaries. "I was in a spot," says Winchell today in recalling this episode. He finally chose to risk future danger rather than court Madden's immediate disfavor. He accepted the Stutz. He used it for a year or so afterward. Winchell says today that, as he remembers it (it was all so long ago), he finally prevailed upon Madden to accept a check for the purchase price of the roadster, which was around $3,000. If this was what happened, it was a triumph of tact and diplomacy. In view of Madden's extreme touchiness, it must have been as tricky a piece of business as trying to talk candidly to Attila.

Winchell was also on good terms with Dutch Schultz, Big Bill Dwyer,



"Is this man annoying you, dear?"

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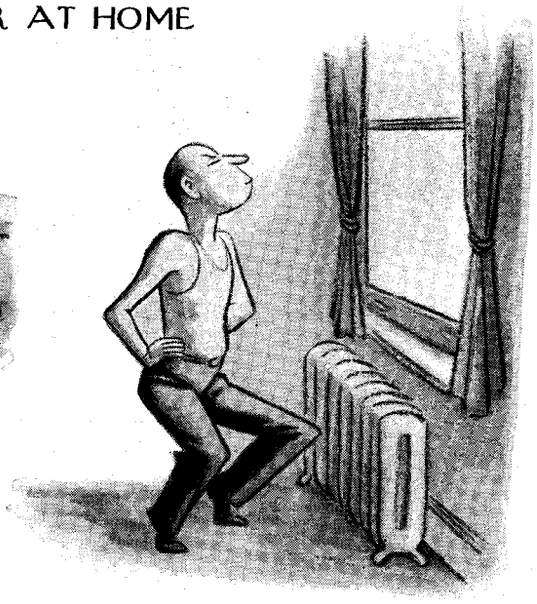
Abreast of the News



Preparedness

Arnold Rothstein, Bo Weinberg, and so on. But his best friend among the gangsters of the day was Madden. It was Madden who perhaps saved Winchell's life shortly after the murder of Vincent Coll.

WINCHELL did not contribute to the rising public sentiment against gangsters which followed the killing of the five-year-old child by Coll and his gunmen. He held himself aloof from all that furor. He printed only two items on the subject, neither of them expressing either indignation or concern.

In the six months between August, 1931, and February, 1932, when Coll was finally killed by his gangster enemies, Winchell printed twenty-one items about gang doings of the sort he had been printing for years past. There was no moralizing in any of these items. Most of them referred lightheartedly to the gangsters as "the baddies."

The *Daily Mirror* of February 8, 1932, was on the newsstands as usual around seven o'clock Sunday evening. Winchell had this historic item in his column:

> Local banditti have made one hotel a virtual arsenal and several hot-spots are ditto because Master Coll is giving them the headache.

At 12:45 A.M. that Monday morning, gangsters with a machine gun killed Coll while he was making a telephone call in a drugstore on Twenty-third Street, near Eighth Avenue.

Winchell heard about the killing soon after it happened, and his first reaction was one of triumph. He rushed to the scene of the murder and elbowed his way through the crowd, saying, "I'm Winchell. I predicted this." He talked to the police there and rushed back to the *Mirror* office, enormously pleased with himself. There he received a telephone call. There are various versions of what was said to him over the telephone, but people who saw him immediately afterward agree that he was terrified. "He was green," one of them has said.

People who were in the *Mirror* office that night think that the telephone call was either from the killer of Coll (who has never been caught) or from one of his friends. The supposition is that whoever telephoned upbraided Winchell for revealing too much in his column and told him there was a good chance of his being killed himself. In any case, Winchell said hysterically to a fellow-worker in the *Mirror* office, "They're putting me on the spot. They may be waiting outside. What can I do?"

What he did finally was to call Owney Madden. According to people who heard him make the call, Winchell told them afterward that Madden had scolded him for printing his prediction

Assistant G-Men

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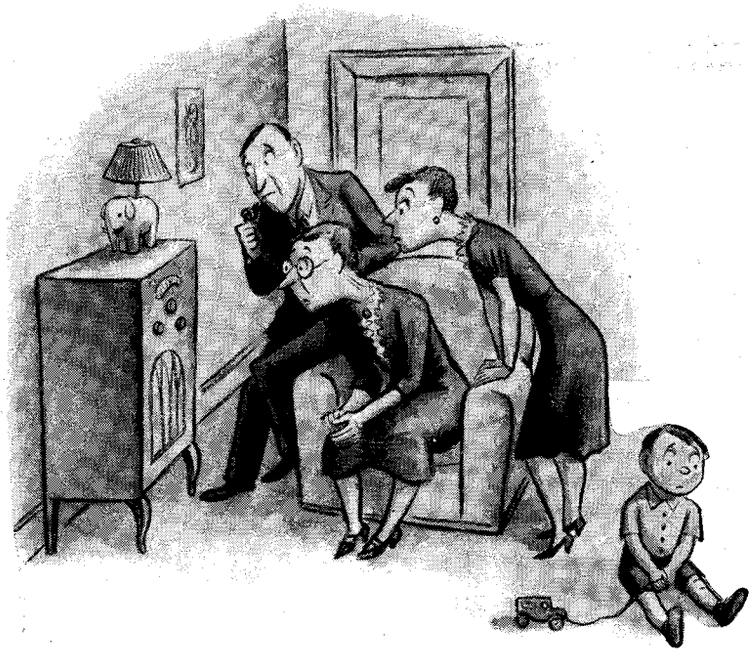
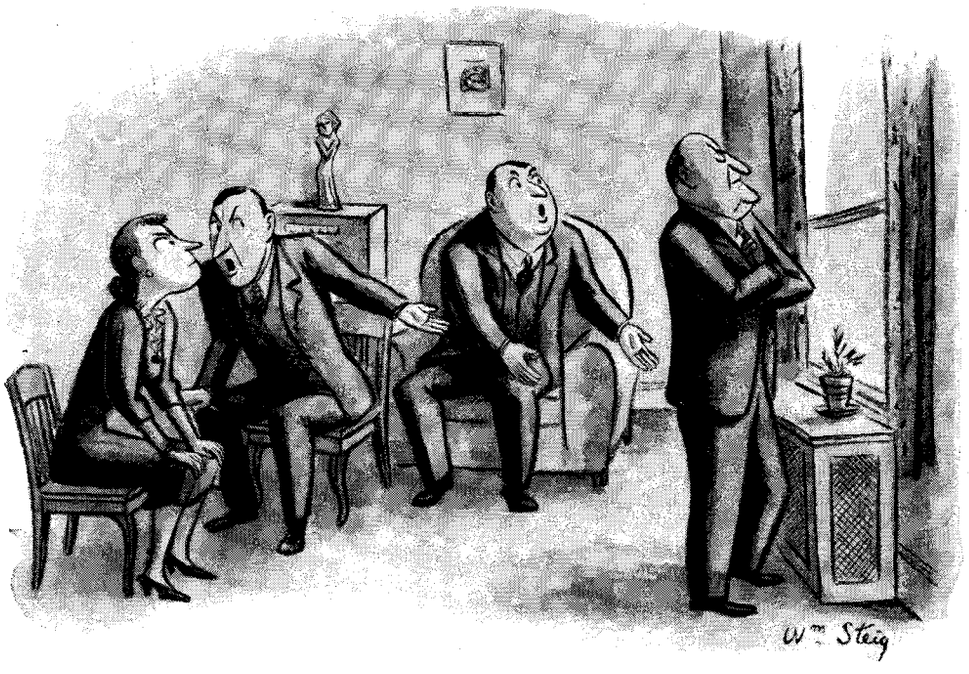


Orphan



Isolationist

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of Coll's murder and told him he must never do anything like that again but that he would call the boys off. After an interval, Madden, or one of Madden's lieutenants, called Winchell back. He told him the boys had been persuaded not to kill him. Coll's killer was fuming, it appears, but amenable to the arguments of the big chief. Madden had also called Schultz and had got him to agree to forgive Winchell's impetuosity and lapse of judgment.

According to the version told by the people who were in the *Mirror* office that night, Winchell did not go home until Madden sent one of his own gunmen over to accompany him. Other people associated with Winchell at the time say that this gunman guarded Winchell for several days afterward. A newspaper later reported that there were two unofficial bodyguards with him, not one. It is a fact, anyhow, that in the six months after the Coll killing Winchell printed only four items about gangsters' doings and none of these was in any sense intimate, against twenty-one items in the preceding six months. It is also a fact that he indicated in his column that he was expecting death.

Soon after the Coll killing, he wrote:

"Where children are—there is the golden age," said a wiser man so long ago, but Victor Hugo's classic rings in my ears, and I wish that I had fathered the proverb so that after the brigands have blown me down, my babies would think I could write.

On the same day, he wrote:

If only when my epitaph is readied, they will say: "Here is Walter Winchell—with his ear to the ground—as usual."

ON February 12th, four days after the murder, Winchell asked for the protection of the police, in addition to the protection of Madden. "Following threats on his life," the *Times* said, "Walter Winchell, Broadway columnist and radio broadcaster, has received police protection since Friday night." *Variety* reported: "Police of the West 47th Street station said the columnist appeared 'nervous and in genuine fear of his life.' He was attended, they said, by two men acting as a private guard. A policeman was detailed to augment the defensive force."

The bodyguards did not entirely reassure Winchell. He continued to write of his impending death in a sorrowful way. He wrote several items about how much he loved his wife and children. "If I had any Moxie," he said, "I would chuck the whole routine and go somewhere with her and the children and laugh a little." This item ended, "Here today, et cetera. I only want to live long enough to see Gloria and Walda grow into girlhood."

In a few weeks, Winchell worked up the Moxie to leave town. But first he had another ordeal to face. He had been summoned to appear before the grand jury investigating crime conditions in New York, because of his prediction of Coll's murder. It was thought, reasonably enough, that he might have evidence which would link Schultz or Madden or both to the murder. Winchell naturally was afraid that Madden and Schultz might decide to blow him down on his way into the courthouse; he also was afraid that the grand jury might become ugly and insist that he tell what he knew.

His fear of the grand jury itself was naïve. Winchell did not know his own power. The jurors were awed in the presence of such a celebrity. One of them asked him for passes for a show, and presently all of them were questioning him politely about his methods of work and what dope he had on forth-

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coming divorces and current love affairs. Nothing came of the grand-jury investigation.

There still was Coll's killer. Winchell got word, according to his friends of that period, that this man was still irritated but was trying to control himself. Winchell was afraid the fellow would forget his instructions from higher up. In April, two months after the investigation, he ceased writing his column, without giving any explanation to his readers, and left New York for six weeks. He also gave up his weekly radio broadcast. The *Mirror* put in Paul Yawitz to supply gossip and Winchell's radio sponsors called in Louis Sobol to substitute on the air. Winchell went to California, and in Los Angeles a bodyguard was assigned to him by the police. He rested and lay on the beach and perhaps reflected. He must have, at this time, given a thought or two to J. Edgar Hoover, who was then just coming into national prominence.

At any rate, after his return from Hollywood, Winchell began to show signs of the budding patriot, the all-round man of consequence, and the staunch supporter of the federal administration. He was still somewhat cynical about national affairs, however. A month before Roosevelt's election in 1932, he wrote as follows:

> I do wish the various parties would stop submitting their ballyhooey to me about their respective candidates. I don't like any of them—and won't devote any part of the column's praise to them. I don't care whether Roosevelt wins or Hoover loses. I know too much about politics to care.

But in February, after the election, he published, under the heading of "The Love Letters of Walter Winchell," a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, and followed this some weeks afterward with one to the President. In the interim he had written a short item saying, "Franklin Delano Roosevelt's maw is plenty Okay America. She isn't ashamed to be seen dunking her cake in her coffee." His letter to Mrs. Roosevelt was familiar and coöperative. "I don't agree," he said, "with the newspapers that inferred a President's mate should be an ornament instead of a woman," and went on to argue that she shouldn't give up her radio talks, as she was thinking of doing. "I understand," he wrote, with his customary disregard for the rules of grammar, "your husband wasn't opposed to your work if he finds that the people want you on the air." He then explained that he had asked his readers to settle this question and said he would turn over the result to her. "Good wishes, good health and all the other goodies," he concluded.

His letter to the President after the inauguration began like this: "The entire nation is vocalizing your praises, but you must know that by now, sir." He complimented the President on being "so regular," especially in his attitude toward the press. He followed this letter with frequent items, such as "I like Mrs. Roosevelt. She has a way about her," and later said of the President, "He has a way about him."

Winchell's most noteworthy effort to convey to the public his enthusiasm for Roosevelt was a plan to make April 30th, 1933, President's Day. As he explained this in his column, "We have a Mother's Day, Father's Day and so forth. A President's Day should be on Sunday, April 30—the day before May 1—the day when the Communistic Reds land on all front pages with their activities . . . But most important, of course, is to show President Roosevelt how grateful we all are to him for his action and results—and to pray a little while for his continued good health." Winchell kept after his readers about having a President's Day. "It should be," he wrote later, "both a spiritual and gay holiday —with dancing in the streets . . ."

In spite of all this, there was no President's Day. Winchell did not comment on the failure of his plan, and when April 30th came along he treated it like any other day. During his campaign to put it across, however, he had received a letter from Stephen Early, the President's secretary, acknowledging receipt of a letter from Winchell outlining the idea. Mr. Early expressed the President's appreciation and said that the President "would like to have answered personally" but was too busy getting the recovery administration under way. Winchell kept on printing idolatrous items about the President. "They're making the postage stamps bigger," he wrote, for example, "so when the time comes to put President Roosevelt on it—there'll be room enough for his heart."

He eventually got to be on good, easy-going terms with the President. In May, 1938, he was detained by the President after a routine mass press conference, and the President talked to him alone for forty-five minutes. Winchell has reported that the President's first words were "Walter, I've got an item for you." People who have the opportunity to know how the President feels about all this offer a candid and simple explanation for his attitude toward Winchell. "It would be extremely impolitic for any public man to snub Walter Winchell," one of them remarked recently. Winchell is also on friendly terms with Cabinet members, senators, and other high officials in Washington. Not long ago he reported in his column that the Secretary of the Treasury was ill. Mr. Morgenthau wrote him a note beginning "Dear Walter" and explained that he was not ill. "My telephone is in working order," concluded the Secretary of the Treasury. "How's yours?" Winchell's retraction was good-natured. "It's not feeling so good—move over," he wrote.

WINCHELL began to function as an internationalist with an attack on Adolf Hitler in 1933. He ridiculed Hitler day in and day out on the ground that he was just a foolish homosexual. "I cannot refrain from flaunting the fact," he wrote, "that he is a homosexualist, or as we Broadway vulgarians say—an out-and-out fairy." Having abandoned this tack about the time Hitler began to move on Norway, Winchell has been engaged in recent weeks in a campaign that he calls "The Winchell Column versus The Fifth Column" in which he directs the attention of his readers to various hairdressers, hatcheck girls, press agents, etc., whom he accuses of waiting hopefully for the Nazi parachutists to come, and spying busily the rest of the time. Some of his nightly table companions at the Stork Club have pointed out to him a certain inconsistency in this newest campaign. If he knows the names of spies, they tell him, he should turn them over to the F.B.I. without

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"We have more inside, if you care to look."

• •

making their names public in his column, which gives them ample opportunity to hide. He brushes such critics aside, and in his Friday column, in which he writes to himself over the signature of "Your Girl Friday" he keeps reassuring himself that the campaign is an effective one. "If the mail is any criterion" he told himself on a recent Friday, "you could start your own organization overnight and scare hell outta a lotta dopes who think they are here to stay." On another Friday he said to himself, "When they [the Fifth Columnists] start to knock you—as the saying goes—it's a sure sign you've got them worried. Don't stop going after them—the people who matter are saying that you're the one who can do it best. You've been in bigger fights, mister, and this is one you cannot possibly lose." A story, possibly apocryphal, is told by Winchell's friends to the effect that Winchell asked his secretary to read over to him this last item before the *Mirror* went to press that night. He had first written "old fellow" when he had referred to himself but on hearing it read to him suggested a revision. "Make it 'mister' instead of 'old fellow,' " he told his secretary. "It sounds better."

Opinion among Winchell's readers seems to be divided on the question of his effectiveness as an enemy of Hitler and as a friend of democracy. Whereas Lakewood, New Jersey, named a street after him on the ground that he was "the first soldier in our land in the cause of democracy" one New York reader looked up from his *Mirror* not long ago and said, "Here's a problem. Pretty soon now important people are going to want to use the words liberty, freedom, democracy and so forth when we go to war and they are going to find that Winchell has spoiled them. They used to be good words, too."

As early as the spring of 1934, when Winchell, not yet a full-fledged international thinker, went to Chicago for a stage appearance, he was already a figure of such eminence that, while he had not asked anyone for any bodyguards, he got seven—two G-men, three gangsters, and two Chicago police detectives. It was an embarrassing moment. The G-men got on Winchell's train at a Chicago suburb. They told him they had been assigned to him by J. Edgar Hoover, to protect him. Winchell had not met Hoover at this time but had called him on the long-distance telephone occasionally and had printed several complimentary items in his column about the work of the G-men. In Chicago, some independent gangsters were conducting a racket whose victims were high-salaried stage and night-club entertainers. They would come into a dressing room, tell the entertainer that he ought to join an association for the protection of entertainers, and persuade him to draw a check for two or three thousand dollars, sometimes more. The G-men said they had been instructed by Hoover to protect Winchell from any such indignities.

When Winchell and the two G-men got off the train, three gangsters walked over and plucked at his sleeve. These were the two Fiaschetti brothers, cousins of Al Capone, and a third gunman. They glared at the G-men, and Winchell indicated to the G-men that these fellows were acquaintances of his. The G-men permitted them to take Winchell off to one side, but kept an eye on them. Out of their hearing, the Fiaschetti brothers told Winchell that Lucky Luciano, who had become the head gangster in New York when Madden went back to Sing Sing as a parole violator, had telephoned them to watch over him while he was in Chicago. Winchell pointed out to them that Hoover had assigned the two G-men to him. "We're not leaving you," said the Fiaschetti brothers stubbornly. They were true to their word. Winchell had to make the best of a disagreeable situation. He introduced the Fiaschetti brothers and the third gunman to the G-men, and they all nodded to one another frigidly. Winchell then started through the station with the five men following him and was approached by two more bodyguards, the Chicago detectives. They also said they would not leave him. They had been assigned to protect him by the Chicago police chief.

The seven bodyguards stayed with or near Winchell during his entire visit, which lasted a week. Damon Runyon, who happened to be in town, was unable to get into his fellow-journalist's dressing room because either the G-men or the gangsters or the Chicago detectives—he doesn't know which—pushed him into the street. There was a party for Winchell at a Chicago night club, and the seven bodyguards all went along. The atmosphere was tense. One of the Fiaschetti brothers at one point said to the other in a loud voice that he

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"Now let's see that kindly twinkle."

•

was someday going to kill a certain Chicago detective. This detective was sitting across the table. The detective kept his temper. Slurring remarks were made about G-men in general. The G-men kept stiff upper lips.

THE problem of whether J. Edgar Hoover or Lucky Luciano should protect the life of Winchell was not really settled until two years later, when, in 1936, Luciano was sent to prison for his administration of the prostitution racket in New York. The matter came up again after Winchell was assaulted in December, 1935, by two men who stepped out of a doorway on Seventh Avenue between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets one evening and punched him in the face. His lip was cut slightly and a pivot tooth was loosened. The identity of these foolhardy individuals was never legally established. Clearly, it might have been just about anybody. Winchell has always claimed that they were Nazis and he has told many people that he afterward settled it "in his own way." The story he has told is that the two men were German waiters at the Waldorf-Astoria and that detectives of the New York police force tracked them down and beat them up but did not arrest them.

In any case, J. Edgar Hoover assigned a bodyguard to Winchell immediately after the assault. By that time, Hoover and Winchell had met and had gone to prizefights together and posed for photographers in night clubs. One picture, taken later on, showed the head G-man holding a toy machine gun and wearing a paper hat at the height of a party at the Stork Club. The agent assigned by Hoover was Guy Hottel, an expert marksman who often accompanies Hoover himself. He stayed with Winchell until Winchell went to Florida that winter, accompanying him everywhere he went. In Florida, Winchell was assigned a bodyguard by Lucky Luciano, who happened to be there. This bodyguard remained with Winchell for nearly a year, accompanying him to Hollywood when he went there to make a movie.

Winchell's continued friendship with gangsters during this period may have embarrassed Hoover, but there is no evidence that it did. This might have been due to a certain naïveté which is said to be characteristic of the head G-man. But Winchell's gangster friends have occasionally been embarrassed by his friendship with Hoover. The time Hoover was photographed holding a toy machine gun at the Stork Club, an incident which has subsequently been referred to in Senate debates about Hoover's activities, is a case in point. At the night club that evening was a fairly notorious gunman named Terry Reilly, a man with an appreciable police record. Some of the members of the party thought it would be humorous to have him pose for the photographer with the same toy machine gun. They urged him to do this, but Reilly refused. He was above such frivolous goings on; also, he saw the point of the joke the pranksters had in mind. Hoover did not know who Reilly was, but he was anxious to see good will prevail. Just a few minutes before, he had persuaded Winchell and Louis Sobol to shake hands, thus ending an ancient enmity between the two gossip writers, and he was perhaps feeling his power. He urged Reilly to go ahead and pose. The gunman was obdurate. He was also embarrassed and ill at ease, the more so, probably, because he was on parole at the time for extortion and impersonating a G-man.

He finally excused himself and left the place. Presumably he went home to turn things over in his mind. An unimaginative and conventional fellow, he had been unable to recognize that what had been going on around him in the Stork Club was merely a graphic tableau representing the beginning of a new era. It was New Year's Eve of 1935. Whistles were blowing and there was the bang of champagne corks. Over Reilly's head, while Hoover was trying to persuade him to pose with the toy machine gun, was the Stork Club barbershop, presided over by a barber who had often shaved Madden and Schultz and Luciano, Winchell and Sobol and Sullivan. Hoover had been up to see it that night. Barbers, gangsters, gossip writers, political cynicism, café society. Subtract gangsters and add G-men. Take away political cynicism and put in patriotic hysteria. Barbers, G-men, gossip writers, patriotic hysteria, café society. A whistle and a bang and a hey-nonny-nonny, and a happy new era for Mrs. Winchell's Little Boy Walter.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(This is the fourth of a series of articles on Mr. Winchell.)

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Christian Century*]

The best practical cue to neutral America's duty in relation to the war is the attitude of the European neutrals.

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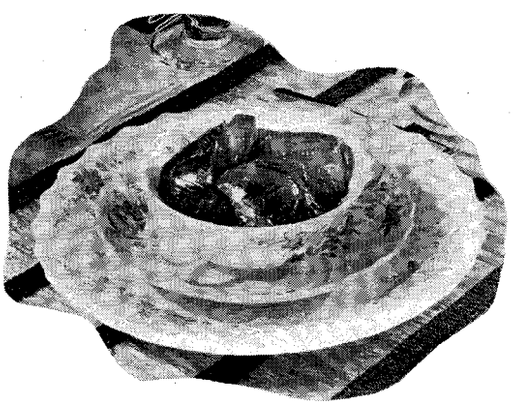
But a good plan is to *keep* them there—keep several cans ready in your ice-box all the time. Then you won't get sudden hot and cold qualms at crucial moments wondering "did you remember to put the soup in the refrigerator".



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LETTER FROM LISBON

JUNE 24 (BY CLIPPER)

LISBON is, for the moment, one of the few remaining comfortable cities in Europe, but it is not easy in its mind. Events in France have placed a certain restraint on the preparations for the celebration of the eighth centennial of Portuguese independence and the third centennial of the "liberation from the Spanish yoke" which terminated a temporary union with Portugal's neighbor. The Portuguese, placid as they are, cannot avoid the reflection that now there is nothing much to stop the reimposition of a Spanish yoke whenever Franco feels like it, and they hope that he will not take the festivities in ill part.

The regime of Senhor Salazar, the university professor of political economy turned plainclothes dictator, has kept Portugal solvent and virtually without armament. Fascist Spain, whose financial position is impossible, as any good political economist can explain to you in ten minutes, is bristling with expensive ordnance. It is the familiar guns-versus-butter proposition on a reduced scale, and the conductor on the Portuguese Wagons-Lits train which brings you down from Irun to Lisbon no longer jokes about how favorably the hearty fare in the dining car contrasts with what the average Spaniard has to eat. His appetite and the food remain good, but he looks preoccupied.

Senhor Salazar hopes that General Franco is grateful for favors received during the Spanish Civil War. He is aware that, for the first time since the Peninsular War, the traditional English alliance with Portugal seems more of a danger than an asset. This is not the sort of association that even a dictator can end on short notice, for English is the second language of Lisbon, English banks control the country's finances, the English for centuries have been the best customers for port, and Portugal knows that if Great Britain is defeated in the war, the victors will confiscate the Portuguese colonies. Finally, the Portuguese people are kind and sentimental; among the unmoneyed natives—the vast majority of the population—the reaction to the French defeats has been one of ingenuous distress. Italians are not popular here, and neither are Germans, of whom there are a good many. Some weeks ago, the police raided the German club and school in Lisbon and uncovered a lot of arms—almost enough for a Portuguese army.

Few residents of Lisbon can forget this political background for very long at a time, but outwardly the life of the town and of the crescent-shaped Portuguese Riviera, which starts just north of the capital and follows the shore for thirty miles, goes on exactly as it always did. Windows need not be darkened at night, some moving-picture shows start at one in the morning, and the Casino in Estoril, the country's most fashionable beach resort, begins to be gay at about three. To people who have just come down from France, England, or Germany, all this is incredible. British social life here has always had the atmosphere of a colonial governor's garden party, and it continues in the same tenor of dropping cards on fellow-residents, amateur theatricals (Sir James Barrie and Ian Hay are the favorite playwrights), and mild gambling at the Casino. The Duke of Kent is expected to help open the centennial show, and a special committee of the Royal British Club is proceeding gravely with preparations for his reception, wondering the while whether Germans or Spaniards will not arrive before him.

The British Navy would certainly be able to take the English residents off in rather short order, but until that happens, if it does, Englishmen will have a hard time getting back to London. There is no regular line of passenger boats in service and freighters are small, uncomfortable, and infrequent. The Pan American Clippers to New York and the boats to South America are about the only reliable means of leaving the country, and since the demand for passage to South America is not precisely lively, the hotels are full of Americans from France waiting for a place on a Clipper. The total number, perhaps a thousand or so, is not impressive, but in proportion to the number of passengers a Clipper can carry—twenty-five is about the maximum for the westbound trip—and to the number of good hotel rooms in Lisbon and nearby Estoril, it seems astronomic.

THE British go about gravely wagging their heads and saying that it was sporting of Churchill to forego recriminations and that, really, what was left of the French Army should have been evacuated to defend the British Isles. The disappearance of that army has altered the position of every nation in Europe so drastically that people as yet

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can't get used to the idea; it was like the death of the uninsured breadwinner of a large and helpless family.

Last January, at Nancy, nearly all the British and American correspondents in France joined in a hunt for the one British division that was supposed to have reached the battle front. Actually, there was no such division. The episode seemed amusing at the time, for the dangers involved in the Chamberlain government's failure to send men did not become clear until the last month, when the French Army, reduced to less than a million men, not counting fortress troops and divisions immobilized on the Italian frontier, found itself trying to combat three million Germans in the open field.

CURIOUSLY, the Fascist Spaniards have continued to exchange francs for pesetas while the Francophile but financially cautious Portuguese refuse to have anything to do with French currency. Spain's only overt move so far has been the seizure of the Tangier international zone, which, it has explained, was done "with the consent of the French and British governments." Businessmen in Lisbon learned of the seizure when they noticed that on their letters from Tangier stamps bearing the picture of General Franco had replaced those with the portraits of King George and Queen Elizabeth.

Meals at Irun, the Spanish frontier city where one usually waits several hours for the Sud-Express to Lisbon, are at least edible now, which they weren't nine months ago. Spaniards say that food is still far too expensive for people who have to live on Spanish wages; the mere fact that it exists, however, probably marks some sort of advance. Spanish newspapers are naturally pro-Nazi and pro-Italian, although the fellows one meets in the bars of Irun and the wineshops of nearby Fuenterrabia make bitter fun of the Italians. "The Germans will give them nothing at all," they predict. They admire the Germans and are glad to see the French humiliated. The anti-Fascist Spaniards say nothing, but it is doubtful if even they feel any sympathy for the Allies.

An English-speaking German customer turned to a couple of Americans in a Lisbon bar the other night and said, "My dear sirs, Hitler has absolutely no designs on Canada or the United States. He is a fair man who wants only his rights." It recalled something someone had said about an election in the Saarland a hundred years ago, back in 1935.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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THE WALDORF ASTORIA

OF ALL THINGS

MUSSOLINI received far less than his heart's desire in his armistice terms with France. Still, he did pretty well for an investor who got in on the top floor.

•

The Republican platform pledges the party to keep us out of war, except in defence of this country, this hemisphere, and the Monroe Doctrine. This seems to remove all danger except the principal one.

•

The Republicans turned with relief from the precarious war issue to the safe topic of Roosevelt. What happened to France is not as important as what is going to happen to Frank.

•

In his spirited address, Herbert Hoover revealed himself as the greatest statesman of the century. But not *this* century.

•

The Convention was like a famous Biblical story, with one slight difference. In Philadelphia, they killed the fatted favorite sons.

•

It is clear that the new tax law for defence is going to cut into the purchasing power of our people. As we raise our standard of victory, we must lower our standard of living.

•

The nation is shocked at the Federal Trade Commission's charges that the makers of rubber erasers have formed a monopoly to fix prices. People who make as many mistakes as we do should have an unlimited supply of cheap erasers.

•

Nazi spokesmen tell us that when they have got the world reorganized, gold will have only historical interest. It will cease to exist except in sunsets, blondes' hair, and Fort Knox.

•

Soviet Russia has abandoned the five-day week. The Comrades must work overtime to help Hitler and protect themselves from same.

•

After this, folks who go to the World's Fair will have to say "hello" to each other. Elmer, like the "L," now belongs to the ages. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 28 (BY CABLE)

THE French acceptance of the crushing armistice terms came as a profound shock to the majority of the public, which had been simple enough to believe Marshal Pétain when he declared that France would make no shameful surrender. Many people had thought it possible that Germany would treat her fallen adversary with comparative generosity in the hope of dividing English opinion before putting out peace offers. When the full text of the terms was published there was widespread anger, bitterness, and bewilderment in England, for the average uninformed citizen found it difficult to believe that anything could be more shameful than an agreement which handed over weapons of war, airfields, munition works, and industrial areas to be used unconditionally against a former ally. After the harshness of the German exactions, the Italian terms and the French acceptance of them came as no surprise.

Experts here have sorrowfully computed that the amount of undamaged material which has fallen into Nazi hands is "without precedent in the history of nations." Although it's not known how many industrial plants were destroyed before being evacuated, it seems possible that such measures were largely neglected, through the haste, carelessness, or inability to face tragic facts of the people concerned. Any Englishman with a map of France and a list of France's mineral resources before him can now grimly calculate exactly what help the Pétain government has extended to Hitler to carry on the war against Britain—precious iron ore from Lorraine, coal from the north, potash from Alsace—while memories of Continental holidays supply only too clear a picture of the smiling French countryside which is doomed to become the No. 1 Nazi granary and larder.

BECAUSE of those popular Continental holidays which in recent years had sent millions of English people of all classes across the Channel to explore France as a playground, the Entente had never been in better shape than it was when the war started, and lovers of France were overjoyed at the indications that the two countries were going to work in ever closer collaboration and with increasing good will. Today those same lovers of France feel that the most heartbreaking of all the heartbreaking consequences of the French surrender is the possibility of so much good work being undone that contempt here for a frail government may cause the magnificent spirit of a people to be overlooked; they are afraid that all future Anglo-French relations may well be poisoned by an interminable exchange of reproaches like the recent statement given by M. Jean Prouvost to American correspondents at Bordeaux and immediately condemned by London as "inaccurate throughout."

Meanwhile, the anxious hopes of all France's friends in this country are centred on General de Gaulle, the gallant and romantic figure whose abilities as a brilliant officer, with more vision than his contemporaries, were known a week ago to comparatively few, and who has since emerged as a patriot whose voice speaks for the true France, now, alas, tragically silent. His statement that he had reason to believe the French Navy would not surrender started all sorts of rumors circulating. These stories were the only near-cheerful things that anyone could discover in a sad week—these and the unexpected and briskly successful land raids at various undisclosed points on the enemy coastline. Conservative Englishmen also drew comfort from the melodramatic hokeypokey at Compiègne, since it was felt that a conqueror who could descend to such vulgarity must inevitably have a Moscow somewhere on the horizon.

THE immediate result of the focussing of German attention on this country was the start of nightly air raids, which continued all the week. On Monday night, London heard the sirens for the first time since September. The A.R.P. services went into action smoothly and efficiently, and people who were walking home after visiting friends found themselves politely but implacably headed off into public shelters and kept there until the all-clear sounded, which it didn't until four hours later. An unidentified plane droned high overhead and the searchlights were in action, but nothing happened, and the only unusual sign next day was the uni-

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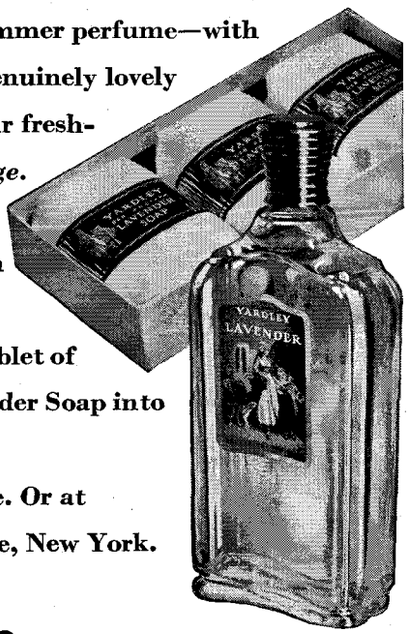

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versal snappishness of the public temper.

Rural areas have had far more alarms and actual bombings than the cities, and it's ironical that many people who fled to country retreats when war broke out have been in the thick of it, as they wouldn't have been if they'd stayed put in peaceful Chelsea or Hampstead. The German raiders have turned up in all sorts of places where they weren't expected. A boys' school which migrated from a danger area on the east coast to a supposedly quiet spot in the southwest came in for quite a spectacular raid the night the boys arrived—to the delight of the pupils and the consternation of the staff.

The general feeling after a week of broken nights seems to be that a move to copy the Germans and cut out night sirens altogether would be popular, since the damage the alarms do to the workers' output next day is inestimable and a civil population with jumpy nerves is one of the things which would suit Hitler best. There is also considerable criticism of the press and the B.B.C. for giving so much prominence to descriptions of raids and of civilian casualties, which so far have been infinitesimal compared to street casualties among pedestrians in peacetime; it's felt that it would be better to train the public to regard these risks as an unavoidable part of everyday life and no more remarkable than an accident on the Kingston By-pass on a fine Sunday.

LONDON is remarkably quiet at the moment. What gaiety it has is being circulated by warriors in need of a little hard-earned relaxation and by the young things who are happily always there to provide it. For their benefit, nine or ten musical shows are still going strong, but the events in France did in all but two straight plays—Gielgud's "King Lear" and the ripsnorting melodrama "Rebecca." Various eminent actors and actresses have delivered lectures to the public on the necessity of keeping the serious theatre alive in wartime, but unfortunately what is happening on the stage of history is so tremendous that most thinking people find it difficult to take their eyes off the real thing and concentrate on manufactured drama. One act ended at Compiègne the other day, and the last and most important act is due to start at any moment. Indeed, it may have seemed to many, as they sat in their private air-raid shelters this week, that the footlights were already up and the orchestra was swinging into the sombre and terrible overture.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

". . . and sometimes you'll find this scarf around your head."

• •

KITCHEN stoves seem destined to gather dust this summer, and family cooks and housemen to grow fat and bored with their jobs, while our nearby rural population turns to dabbling happily in open-air steak broils and barbecue roasts. Not since some doubtless well-meaning soul thought up the great American game-room and made a shambles of a million-odd cellars from coast to coast have households been in such a furor. Our national capacity for plunging into mass movements right up to our necks is already responsible for such complicated arrangements as back-yard grills that actually burn gas instead of charcoal and boast attached sinks with running hot and cold water, although, on the whole, home-grounds picnic equipment in the stores hereabouts has remained fairly sensible, if bewilderingly varied.

It is still possible to get simple portable charcoal grills adequate for feeding four to six moderately hungry steak-eaters at a time, but the tendency now is toward fancier setups that make provision for spit-roasting and pan-cooking in addition to mere broiling, which is coming to be looked upon as amateur stuff. For a quick résumé of the entire situation, you can't do better than go to Abercrombie & Fitch, where the collection of outdoor cookers includes just about every known type, starting modestly with a camp grate on legs, which sits over an open wood fire and costs all of fifteen cents in its smallest size, and ending up in glory with a beautiful, shining, stainless-steel grill wagon called the Broilkart. This looks like the business end of a de-luxe roadside diner's interior, is capable of cooking a banquet for a convention, and sells for $245, F.O.B. Texas. If you own a spot that can be converted into a permanent picnic ground, you'll want to look at wood-burning fireplace units designed to be built into masonry. These start at around $15 and run up to considerably more for elaborate ones that give you the equivalent of an old-fashioned kitchen range, complete with baking oven and damper-controlled flues. For those who want something portable, there are forced-draft charcoal grills modelled after a blacksmith's forge which are good, easy to use, and, I think, an improvement over last year's tricked-up real forges. The new ones are made of steel instead of iron, offer a broader broiling surface, and are somewhat less expensive (around $35) than their predecessors. There's a great stir, too, over vertical grills with removable broilers that slip between two deep, narrow, upright fireboxes. With these, you can sear your steak on both sides at once and cook things in pans on a top grid at the same time. Personally, though, I'd hate to be responsible for getting those twin fires off to an even start.

Plenty of other places in town are prepared to show you similar contrivances for the outdoor cook. Bloomingdale, for one, has a good selection of beginners' equipment. Here they've specialized in very simple, inexpensive versions of some of the better 1940 models, such as a small, cone-shaped barbecue pot that grills and spit-roasts; $3.95. Among their long-handled chef's tools is one that's new to me—a flapjack-flipper with a lengthy handle of wrought iron. A small bottle-cooler, which looks something like a metal picnic hamper but is insulated and fitted with a removable ice compartment, is a mere $2.99.

THERE'S picnic equipment, too, at F. A. O. Schwarz, the super-super-toyshop at 745 5th Avenue (58th). The collection is rather small but thoughtfully selected, and I particularly liked a portable V-type charcoal grill of sheet steel which folds up flatter and faster than you'd have any right to expect. No removable parts to mislay, either.

Where this shop really shines, however, is in the field of large-scale outdoor devices to keep the young ones pacified while their elders play at being pioneers. A wading pool of yellow painted canvas, with a shower spray and a spectators' bench canopied in yellow-and-white striped cloth, is a thing to make any child's summer. It's seven feet long, four and a half feet wide, and a foot deep and would be far from an eyesore in the play yard; $19.75. A four-by-eight-foot swimming tank, twenty inches deep and made of pressed board, which Schwarz claims will last longer than metal, is fine for small-fry dog-paddling; $52.50. A rustic barbecue table at which four youngsters of from six to ten could sit has a pair of benches attached; $7.75. Then, for fun at the seashore, they show all sorts of little carts, push barrows, and beach bags fitted with sand toys. You can get, for example, an upholstered wheel chaise, with parasol, pail and shovel, sand or mud-pie molds, and a wooden rake and spade, or a wheelbarrow holding a similar assortment, or a terry beach bag, penguin- or fish-shaped, stuffed full of small playthings. A cart for trundling supplies down to the beach has removable wheels and can become a toy boat at a moment's notice. It won't hurt to keep this group in mind against impending birthdays, for one thing, or weekends for another.

MEANWHILE, in spite of all these ingenious escape measures, life goes on indoors and tarnish attacks the family plate with its customary gusto. You might try a liquid polish, Silvo by name, that you'll find at Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer, and that works magic with less elbow grease than you would believe possible, unless you're an old Silvo user from way back. . . . When your treasures are polished bright again, wrap them up in Pamilla cloth from Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham. You

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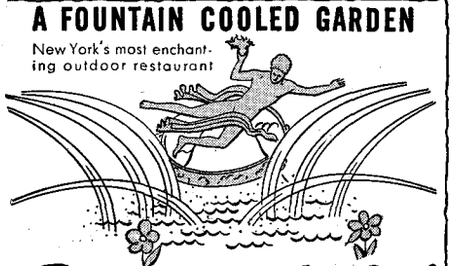

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MARKETS AND MENUS

The Improved Broiler

EVERY woman who has run a household in New York for as long as ten years can tell you that the poultry situation here has greatly improved in that time, and every public-spirited citizen who has eaten his way conscientiously through a decade of public dinners where the Cause has varied more frequently than the menu realizes that something has happened for the better to the chicken, if not to the oratory. The fact is that ten years ago there wasn't much fresh-killed poultry to be had in New York except during the summer, and even then it was handled by only a few high-priced shops, whereas at the present time broilers which have been killed only five or six days before marketing are available the year round, and all over the country poultry is more abundant than it ever was before. I've tracked down the reasons for this phenomenon, and the situation seems to call for a medium-length essay.

This burgeoning of two fresh-killed chickens where one cold-storage fowl grew before got its start in the depression. Before 1929, practically all our poultry was grown in the Middle West and the by-product—the egg—was thought to be more important and more profitable than the chicken itself. The average flock for a corn-belt farm at that time consisted of from two hundred to five hundred chickens, of which a certain number of broilers were killed every spring and frozen at plants mainly in Indiana, Kansas, and Ohio. It was those frozen broilers that the country ate for the rest of the year, which wasn't as bad as it sounds, since frozen poultry doesn't actually deteriorate with time.

Then the depression came along, and apparently the first thought of practically every man whose real-estate or brokerage job folded up was chickens. Couples who for years had made a precarious living doing odd literary jobs, or painting pictures, or giving music lessons, moved to Bucks County, or Connecticut, or Delaware, and started making just as precarious a living raising poultry. After 1929, chickens offered the same salvation to such people that the WPA was to give outright a few years later. That most of these chicken farms have gone on getting bigger and bigger doesn't necessarily mean that the people who started them had a flair for poultry-raising. In many cases, after a while, banks or other mortgage holders took over the properties and set up ambitious plants or sold them to competent operators, so that there are now flocks of from twenty to thirty thousand all along the Eastern seaboard, and Delaware even has farms where a hundred thousand chickens are raised from baby chicks shipped from New England. The fact that Argentine corn could be bought more cheaply in the East than it could be grown in Kansas helped to boom the Eastern production to around six million chickens a year.

The big drought of 1934, in addition to the farm program of the Department of Agriculture which led Western farmers to plough under their chickens along with pretty much everything else, was hard on corn-belt poultry-raising, but it gave a further boost to the Eastern industry. With perfected incubation, the New England and Delaware and Jersey operators were able to produce broilers all the year round, and they were sufficiently near big cities to make it just as profitable to deliver fresh-killed chickens to these markets as to freeze and store them.

In the last couple of years, what with good corn crops, Western production has come up considerably, with the result that last year the East and West were competing with each other so vigorously that prices got terribly low. It was this surplus that put cold-storage broilers on the sixty-cent lunch and made farmers who had rarely killed off a fowl for their family's use decide what the hell and wring the neck of a cockerel for Sunday dinner. In one way or another, prices now have about got back to normal, but the increased demand has remained, and the number of people who have grown finicky about fresh-killed chickens has increased too.

NEW YORKERS who spend their summers where broilers can be bought from a neighbor who kills them in his barnyard and delivers them unprepossessingly covered with pinfeathers are apt to complain that the chickens from the best Manhattan shops don't quite come up to the country article. As a matter of fact, this is true, and the fault is entirely with the New York housewife and her preoccupation with the *looks* of the food she buys. The fresh-killed broilers sold here in town are generally of a much better quality —better bred, plumper, and more ten-

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der—than those to be had from old Mr. What's-his-name down the road in, say, Dorset, Vermont. The difference is that the Dorset chickens have been dry-picked and look a sight with pinfeathers sticking out all over them, whereas most of the fresh-killed, city-bought poultry has been plunged in scalding water to help remove all such unhandsome reminders of the barnyard. The process unquestionably takes something from the flavor, but New York poulterers seem to be convinced that they could never in the world sell a chicken that wasn't beautified in this way. You might try to talk your own poulterer out of this and see how you make out.

There are dozens of places around town where fresh-killed poultry may be had, including some A. & P. stores, and here is a list of representative shops, selected for their geographical convenience: Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st); a very superior little place called Eddie's Poultry Farms, at 1110 Park (90th); the Atlanta Market, 1218 Third Avenue (70th); A. Fitz & Son, 944 First Avenue (52nd); Solinger's Market, 53 University Place (10th); and A. Tingaud & Sons, 1323 Sixth Avenue (53rd).

SUMMER NOTES: Miss Edith Leer, one of those indefatigable Viennese refugees, has produced another fine sweet—a trick chocolate, icy cold and unlike any candy you ever met up with. The chocolate behaves very much like ice cream, and orders outside Manhattan have to be delivered in dry ice. No shipments are made beyond the metropolitan area. H. Hicks & Son, 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd), Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), and John Nicholas, in the Grand Central Terminal, all sell these chocolates, which can also be ordered direct from Miss Leer at Cathedral 8-2700.... The incomparable sweets of Rosemary de Paris, that pearl among chocolate-makers, are now obtainable at Altman. ... Bonwit Teller's Herb Shop should be investigated by fancy cooks as well as by those guests who like to turn up for a weekend bearing a gift. A superior malt vinegar, ever so slightly flavored with garlic and done up in a fetching jug with a package of herbs attached, ought to please any salad-tossing hostess. —S. H.

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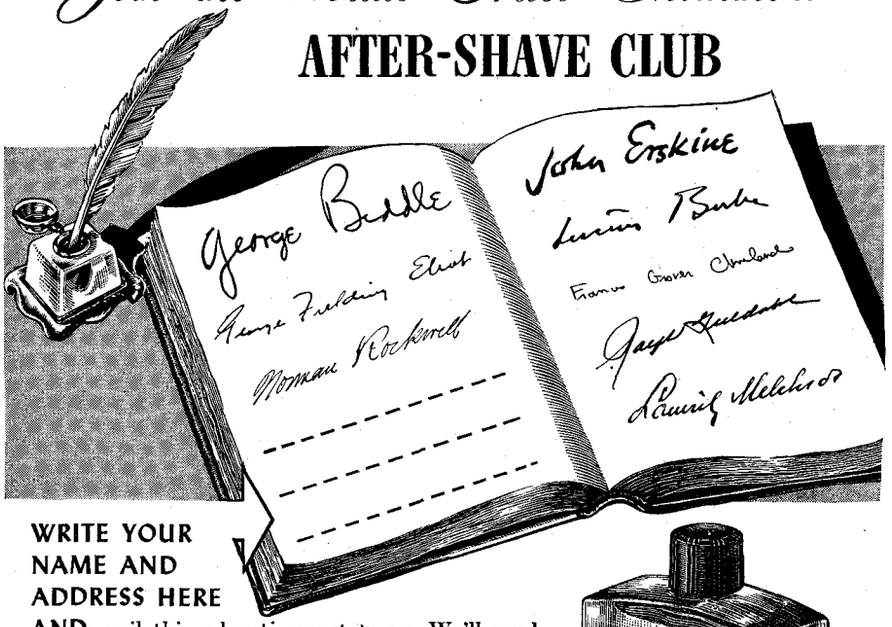

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TABLES FOR TWO

Out of Bounds

ONE advantage held by Ben Marden's Riviera over many of the other summer spots just out of town is that there isn't a chance in the world of a potential patron's getting lost en route and ending up in a dingy roadhouse mournfully feeding nickels to a juke box. It requires ingenuity to avoid going to the Riviera once you've started across the George Washington Bridge. Some of Mr. Marden's most persistent visitors probably think that the bridge, which takes you right to it, was built by their host purely for their convenience. This, of course, was not the case. Mr. Marden, nevertheless, did build a magnificent example of the kind of place regularly seen in movies. You should be impressed by the lovely ladies of the ensemble, the uniformed attendants high and low in the service hierarchy, the roof that slides back on warm nights, and the view of Manhattan from the tables on the upper level of the main room. My one complaint the other night was with the floor show, which I found mediocre. Plenty of people seemed to agree with me, because when one entertainer said, "With a little more encouragement, I'll destroy myself," the applause was deafening. But why quibble over that? The Riviera offers all kinds of diversions, including rumba and conga experts available to any ladies whose escorts are in a sedentary mood. No matter who your dancing partner is, you should be pleased with Leo Reisman's and Pancho's orchestras, a couple of first-class dance bands.

ONCE you get past the Riviera, unless your directional instincts are keener than mine, you're likely to be confused by New Jersey highways and wander around aimlessly, searching for this or that place. The best solution is to stop worrying about route numbers and ask a native how to get where you want to go. Among the spots I managed successfully to reach by this system was the Chanticler, at Millburn, described modestly by its entrepreneurs as "the ultimate in supper clubs." If you've never been there before, you'll find it startling, if not quite ultimate. It pops up suddenly on one of those endless Jersey highways and turns out to be equipped, in an exceedingly metropolitan way, with chromium, mirrors, colored lights, and George Sterney's orchestra. As soon as you recover from your original surprise, you ought to have a good enough time.

The Meadowbrook, also Somewhere in Jersey (Cedar Grove, on the map), is usually jammed with excited young couples who look as if they might get their high-school diplomas next year if they pay attention to their studies. It is fun, or not fun, to watch them, depending on how you feel. On the theory, perhaps, that youth should be fed and sent home to bed early, the management doesn't like to serve regular dinners much after nine, and if you drive out for a late, leisurely meal, you may find the service sketchy. Name bands are the big attraction there (Gene Krupa, a recent name, was kept almost as busy, I noticed, signing autographs as he was playing the drums), and sedateness is not a leading characteristic of the dance floor.

WESTCHESTER'S counterpart of the Meadowbrook is the barnlike Glen Island Casino, out in New Rochelle. Every time I go there, I feel as if I had dropped in on an immense camp reunion. There's little to this place but dancing, although if you've been pretty well tied down to the city, you may enjoy looking at the Sound through the windows. The orchestra now is led by Bobby Byrne, a young man with a trombone, and supplies a satisfactory mixture of sweet and swing.

Further up toward Boston, there's the Westchester Bath Club, at Mamaroneck, a handsome spot with an outdoor dance floor and plenty of room indoors if the weather suddenly changes, as it often does these treacherous nights. Off to one side of the floor is an inviting swimming pool with illuminated beach umbrellas clustered around it, and, if you like, the management will arrange for you to take a plunge during the evening. Chiquito's rumba band, which has played on and off at El Morocco, is on hand and sounds just as good as it did in the city.

BACK toward town, Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, at 246th Street, not far from the Henry Hudson Parkway, is an old summer standby, and as far as I know, Irving Conn's orchestra blossoms there as regularly as a perennial. Mr.

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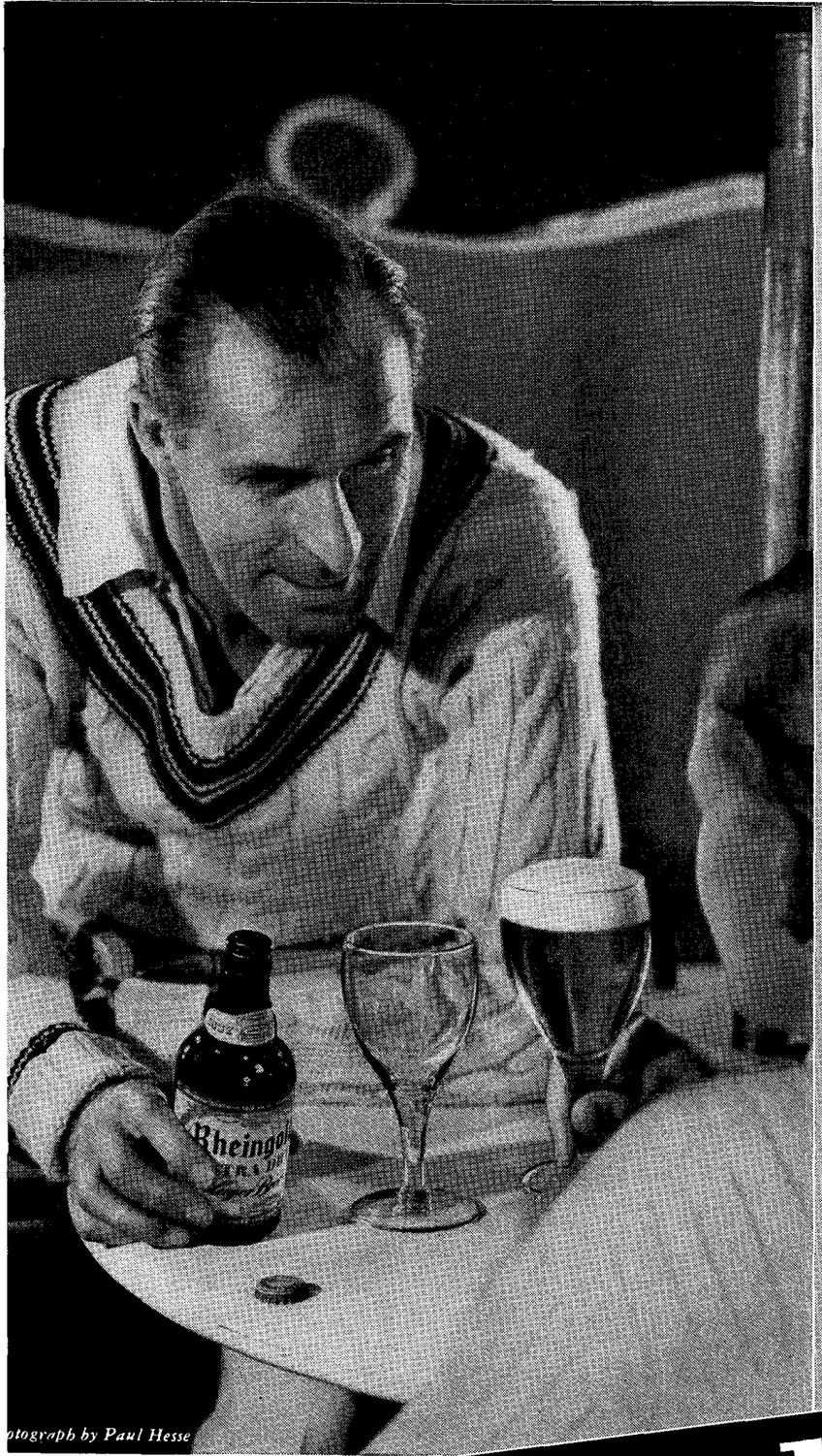

otograph by Paul Hesse

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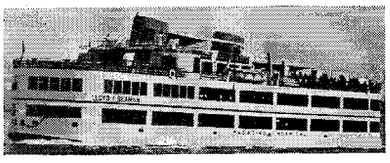

ST. JOHN'S GUILD (non-sectarian)
1 East 42nd St. New York

Conn plays on the terrace with the air of a man who is sure of his ground and understands what the customers want. This is probably one of the few night clubs in the world with a tree growing spang in the middle of the dance floor—an obstacle nobody seems to mind.

And don't forget, wherever you go, to ask the captain for a table not too near the mosquitoes.

LOCAL COMMUNIQUÉ: Felix Ferry, who apparently won't relax, has persuaded the Hotel Pierre to break through its Fifth Avenue wall and create a separate entrance for his new Café Pierre. Judging from the size of the crowd the night I went over, it seems hardly necessary to describe the place, since almost everyone must have had a look at it by now. There was some pre-opening talk of having orchids growing here and there—not on the dance floor, but growing just the same—and I assume that if the plants ever arrive, they will be brown and green, which is the color scheme of everything there, down to the napkins and matchboxes. At the moment, Carol Bruce, a singer who has been receiving considerable acclaim recently, performs at the supper hour, and she may have something to do with the flourishing attendance. Without meaning to be disrespectful to Miss Bruce and her admirers, I'd like to suggest that her unacclaimed days in more spacious surroundings, such as the International Casino and the Casa Mañana, endowed her with a technique somewhat too sweeping for a place as relatively small as the Café Pierre. I wish she would restrain herself just a bit. As it is, you have singer, microphone, loudspeaker, and audience so close together that a man with long arms could touch them all without leaving his table, and does for all I know. —CHECK

•

ASHES OF ROSE'S

Least expensive piece in the whole house was a $12 ash tray, which Billy [Rose] recently discarded because he thought it looked cheap.—*Life.*

The ashes of Mr. Rose's cigarette,
In what rich vessel do they now repose?
Is there an earthly metal will not fret
The ashes of Mr. Rose's cigarette?
(Ah, what a subject for a triolet!)
While nations fall, this keeps me on my toes:
The ashes of Mr. Rose's cigarette,
In what rich vessel do they now repose?

—PATRICIA MARTIN

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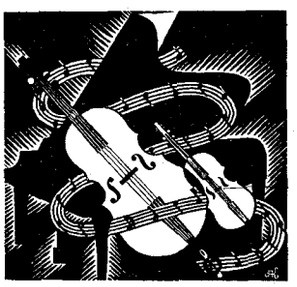
MUSICAL EVENTS

Stadium People

THE seven conductors originally announced for the Stadium Concerts this season were increased to eight last week when Mark Warnow, an old friend of the radio audience, turned up to conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony, members of the Schola Cantorum and the Wen Talbert Choir, and Paul Robeson in "A Ballad for Americans." Mr. Warnow delivered an exciting performance of Earl Robinson's composition, which seems to be equally effective as part of a radio presentation, as a concert selection, or as a prelude to a Republican National Convention. Mr. Robeson diverted the crowd with a few songs to the piano accompaniments of Lawrence Brown, and just about finished off the audience as well as the evening with "Old Man River," arranged for solo, chorus, and orchestra, with Mr. Warnow again at work.



Another conductor was on the platform for the choral proceedings—Hugh Ross of the Schola Cantorum. Mr. Ross, who had collaborated in the rehearsing of the program, helped out by cuing the engineers so that the right microphones were ready for business as needed.

TWO other American choral works had premières at this concert: Roy Harris's "Challenge, 1940," and William Grant Still's "And They Lynched Him on a Tree," both directed ably by Artur Rodzinski, who was in charge of most of the program. Mr. Harris's work consists of a short bass solo, which was roundly sung in clear, accented English by Peter Nicolaeff, and a choral episode based on the preamble to the Constitution of the United States. The solo is simple, eloquent melody—an indication that Mr. Harris has been concealing an interesting talent for songwriting. The choristers weren't at their best in the ensemble part of "Challenge, 1940," but it was evident that the music had distinction.

"And They Lynched Him on a Tree," a setting of a ballad poem by Katherine Garrison Chapin, is the most ambitious effort yet heard from its skillful composer. The first passage, concerning the callous reactions of a mob, sounded somewhat uncertain, possibly because the adjustment of the music to the words was awkward. After that, the work developed logically and dramatically, with singularly persuasive solo moments, well sung by Louise Burge, a young Negro contralto. The participating choirs were efficient but the impact would have been greater if there had been more singers or if the choirs had been placed more advantageously before the microphones.

ALEXANDER SMALLENS, whose Stadium duties, when it rained, used to include conducting concerts in the Great Hall of City College, no longer has much professional interest in weather reports. This season, the Stadium concerts take place in the open air or not at all. Mr. Smallens' first appearance in the 1940 series was as conductor for three productions by the Ballet Theatre —"Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Voices of Spring"—all familiar from the company's Center Theatre cycle, and all good al-fresco entertainment. "Peter and the Wolf" has been smoothed out since I saw it back in January, and this time it had the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony to play Prokofieff's amusing score. The Ballet Theatre group danced brightly, and Mr. Smallens gave an object lesson in how to conduct for terpsichoreans.

The Stadium echo seems to be concentrating this year on people who talk. It repeated everything that the narratress for "Peter and the Wolf" had to say, thus saving considerable trouble for the successors to those who used to read titles aloud at the silent pictures.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Chief Justice Bayes said they would study the record carefully and try to render a just decision because of the importance of the case.—*The World-Telegram.*

That's mighty decent of Your Honor.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From an article by Gretta Palmer in Good Housekeeping*]

Of those who survive infancy (this, in itself, seems to me a very important factor in future health)...

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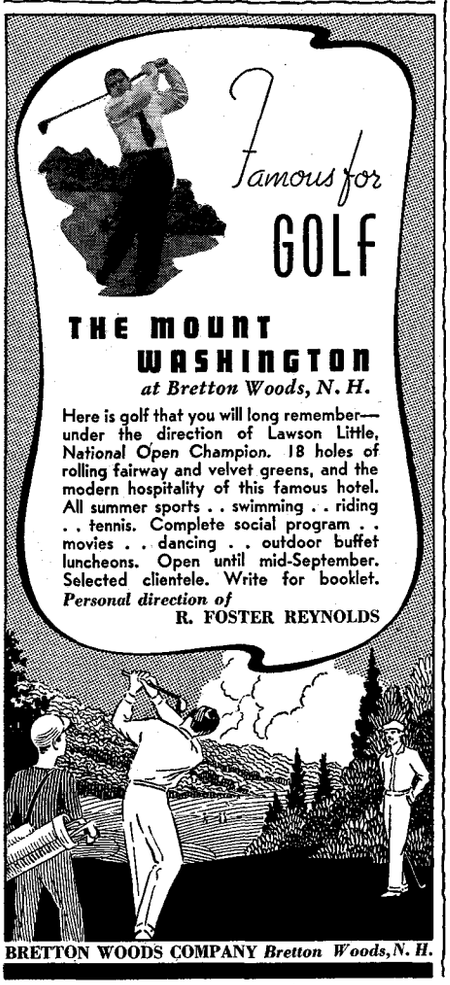

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THE BEAR

THEY now call the Asylum the State Hospital. But they didn't when I worked there. They called it the Asylum.

The Asylum terrified me as a child. The eight-o'clock whistle that came through the night not only said it was my bedtime but also called to my mind, in vivid pictures, all the inmates of that group of stone buildings up there on the hill. I saw them herded together like cattle, all mad, all clawing at one another. The eight-o'clock whistle would sound and I would have to go to bed. I knew the whistle came from the Asylum and imagined that the mad herd was at that minute also being chivied into bed. Small wonder that when I reached the age of slight independence I got myself a job there.

The Asylum never lived up to my dreams of it, but it did frighten me a few times.

My job consisted of practically everything. I swept the floors, dusted the furniture, emptied things, filled things, and was at the beck and call of anyone for anything. It was a thoroughly satisfying job, though, because no matter what I was doing, there was that ever-present, ever-exciting sense of danger. Danger, I thought, was lurking underneath the surface of everything I did.

And then one night, when I was still new to my job, I was sweeping up in the hall when from around the corner came a man on all fours. He was in a nightshirt. He was coming at quite a good pace when suddenly he saw me and paused abruptly. I paused. We stood there looking at each other.

"Well, this is what I came here for," I said to myself. "Here it is. What the hell do I do about it?"

The man took a step forward. I put my broom in front of me. The man stopped. He looked uncertain.

Do I treat him like a man or like an animal? I thought.

We stood there peering at each other, the man on his hands and knees, perplexed; I with my broom in readiness.

An attendant appeared at the end of the corridor and hurried up to us.

"What the hell is this?" he said.

"I don't—know," I stammered.

"For Christ's sakes!" he said. "That's the Bear. He just wants to go to the can. You've scared him."

He kicked the Bear, and the Bear galloped into the washroom, which was just behind me.

The attendant looked at me severely. "Don't go around scarin' the patients," he said. "You just tend to your business."

"Yes, sir," I said. —PAUL OSBORN

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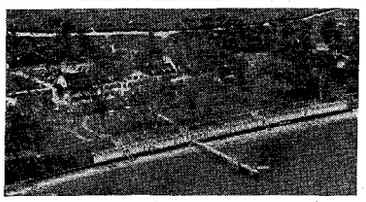

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THE RACE TRACK

Down Delaware Way

FINDING the racing at Aqueduct pretty monotonous, I popped down to Delaware Park the other afternoon. I was sorry I hadn't before, for Willie du Pont's track is delightful. The last time I was there it was very new; now the stand has weathered and the trees and grass have grown. Bits of the surroundings are reminiscent of Saratoga, Arlington Park, and Bowie, and there's a touch of Aintree provided by the flat-topped hill overlooking the paddock and the clubhouse turn. The track doesn't look as though it were a mile around—an optical illusion, no doubt—and you can see all of it from the lawn as well as from the stand. It is a fair testing ground, on which horses don't run out on the turns.

I hardly need tell you that steeplechasing is a specialty at Delaware Park, and its two courses, one for ordinary races and the other for sweepstakes, are the best-constructed and safest, although not the easiest, in the country. The Indian River Steeplechase was over the two-and-a-half-mile stakes course, part of which runs along by the stables outside the main track. The course is full of tricky turns and has about the broadest water jump in the country. The Indian River was as good as any jumping race at Belmont Park, and worth a lot more to the winner, Straw Boss, who led most of the way. Good Chance took second money from Bachelor Philip, and Frozen North was fourth. Old Rioter, who isn't as nimble as he used to be, fell at the eighth fence. Straw Boss was 7–1, apparently because nobody remembered that nothing but bad luck had beaten him in the Georgetown Steeplechase the week before. Horseplayers are like that.

The only Governors in the stand for the Diamond State Stakes on the track's first Governors' Day were those of Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey. Not so many as turn out for the Kentucky Derby, but still, three is a fair start. As for the race, it was just a gallop for Your Chance, who set a track record for the nine furlongs. No doubt lots of people are now quite sure he's as good as Bimelech. If you must know, Jack Joyner, his trainer, isn't convinced about that.

While at Delaware Park, I inspected the Santa Anita-Westinghouse starting gate you've been hearing so much about. It is slightly heavier than the Puett gate used in New York, the stalls are a bit wider and more heavily padded, and the doors are arranged so that the horses have a better chance to look out. I think it helps a horse to be able to see where he's going to go. Another feature I liked was the padding at the tops of the partitions, put there to protect the heads of the animals when they rear. The biggest difference between the two gates is the method of securing the stall doors. The Westinghouse doors are held shut by electric magnets, and the Puett's are fastened by electrically operated catches.

EVEN making allowances for wind and rain, it was hard to believe that Fairy Chant, who evidently is a stormy-weather filly, could win the Gazelle Stakes as easily as she did at Aqueduct. Most of the spring, her form has been bad in any kind of weather. Of course, Aqueduct was a change of track for her, and that always makes a difference.

EVERYONE is pleased with the practically new Empire City track. If you haven't been there yet, don't delay any longer. Whether you watch the races from the grandstand or the clubhouse, you'll have a good time. The stand has been enlarged, the clubhouse verandas have been tripled in size, and there are betting booths all over the place. The $25,000 Butler Handicap is being run there this Saturday, and my best tip for it is to go early.

COMMERCIAL ITEM: A total of $2,055,735, twice as much as Governor Lehman estimated, has been turned over to the State Tax Department since the season opened. Belmont Park contributed $901,066 of this (and kept an equal amount, as well as at least $470,000 in gate receipts), and there are those who complain that the track didn't make much money. Being a sour old persimmon, Colonel Martingale says that it used to be the bookmakers who claimed they were poor, but now it's the race tracks. —AUDAX MINOR

•

TODAY'S COMMON ERROR

Do not say, "I don't believe I will be able to go;" say, "I shall be able to go." —*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

And get ready, too.

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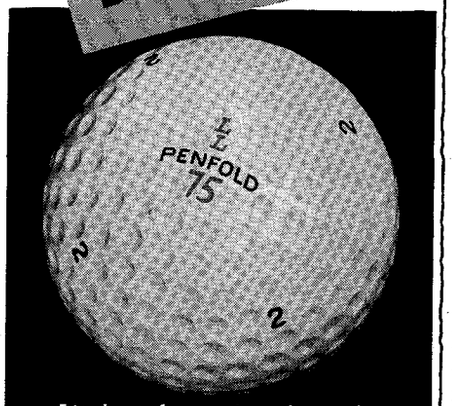

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All This, and Movies Too

IT takes our nice, guileless American mind to turn a messy murder case into a story for young girls. To be sure, the sanguinary climax of Rachel Field's "All This, and Heaven Too," which has just now reached the screen, happened in high life and was elegant as well as gory. The Duc and the Duchesse de Praslin, and even the humble Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, *gouvernante* and "mystery woman" of the affair, were seemly persons acceptable to any Miss Chapin's of their day. Miss Field herself did not present her story directly as a lecture in a female seminary, though I felt, as I read the book, that something of the seminary tone pervaded an outstandingly sensational situation. The movie is framed by a prologue and epilogue with a schoolroom atmosphere. It presents the *affaire Praslin* as a tale for *jeunes filles*, but, even done up in pink ribbons and organdie, it seems an odd story for the little misses. The preliminary spectacle of the childish if vixenish countenances of the pupils may startle those who bustle to the theatre anticipating intrigue and crime. In due time, however—nothing in this movie, which runs almost two hours and a half, being hurried—we are launched into the midst of the high world of the Paris of Louis-Philippe and the tangled, misty details of a historic scandal.

Once out of that schoolroom, Anatole Litvak, who directed "Mayerling," as you probably remember, swings us into the rich *Faubourg* life of the period with all the romantic, profuse gusto at his command. I think a few of the scenes of governess and children might have been elided, for, with the sinister doings in the background, we can't forever sustain a nursery mood. In general, though, the long picture seems short, which, of course, is something very much in its favor. Only in Barbara O'Neil, whom we have hardly ever seen on the screen, do we find any suggestion of a morbidity which must exist, one suspects, when there is to be a bloody killing. As Duchesse and victim, Miss O'Neil alone, in the long series of jealous tantrums and maniacal outbursts, contributes that hint of neurosis, hysteria, and passion, which, I should think, would be essential to a situation that is to culminate in murder. The Duchesse provokes murder, but Charles Boyer never seems the type to murder, if he did murder, or, for that matter, one to commit suicide. And the third character in the mystery, the governess (none other than Bette Davis), moves like a seraph through the gloom. She too is gentle—never have we seen a more gentle couple than the Duc and herself—and in her general demeanor quite mid-Victorian. That anyone could ever dream she would instigate a man to crime is quite beyond belief. The part is so devised that Miss Davis can't do anything with it but appear plain good. There are other versions, of course, of the Praslin case, and there might be more chance for the Davis talent in those that are less kind to the governess. Then she would not have to be constantly the pious and martyrized heroine, a creature always of dignity, merely gracious and meek, with a demure, chaste neckline.

FOR simple, raucous pleasure, "The Ghost Breakers" is exactly the right thing. Modelled after "The Cat and the Canary," with Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard, this is a combination of wisecracks—some of them pretty bright, too—and good, old-fashioned mystery hokum, with plenty of weird spirits, sliding panels, cries in the night, glass-sided coffins, and the like. The amalgam of farce and horror is very successful and ought to buoy you along through one of these bad evenings. . . . Not raucous exactly, in fact, as subdued comedy as Joan Crawford can manage, "Susan and God" has its high entertainment value. Rachel Crothers' social commentary on the lady of the upper-crust species who goes in for one of those religious spasms has lost somewhat its delicate blooming in transference from stage to screen; it's a vigorous business and a good, satirical smack. Fredric March, as the unfortunate husband who has sensibly taken to drink in the throes of his marriage, is an easy and human and understandable mate to his overinspired spouse. The child (Ruth Hussey) isn't stagy, and, indeed, the various friends and enemies and fellow-disciples in this comedy of high life make it a bright concoction which will please many, if not the followers of the Oxford Group. . . . "The Man Who Talked Too Much" displays George Brent as another "great mouthpiece" for crooks and Richard Barthelmess as a gangster. Virginia Bruce instills loveliness. —JOHN MOSHER

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OUT OF TOWN

Stratoliners—Dude Ranches—Weekend Inns

SOMETIME next week, according to present plans, T.W.A.'s five new air transports called Stratoliners start their scheduled passenger flights between New York and Los Angeles. You may have read about these planes, but the chances are you've never seen them, because only one has been in town, and then merely for a couple of brief stops in the course of proving flights. These big, four-motored, $350,000 transports are the commercial counterpart of the Flying Fortress bombers which Boeing has been building for the Army. By a new method—I won't go into technicalities here—the air pressure in the cabin is automatically controlled, so that neither passengers nor crew feel any distress or need additional oxygen, no matter what the altitude. Of course, despite their name, Stratoliners don't go into the stratosphere or anywhere near it, but fully loaded, with a weight of 45,000 pounds, they can reach 22,000 feet even with one motor idle. They are to cross the continent at somewhere between 17,000 and 20,000 feet, which is just about twice as high as passenger planes usually fly. At that altitude they can cruise at 246 miles an hour, which will make the trip from here to the Coast practically a flat fifteen hours instead of the sixteen the Douglas DC-3's take. Eastbound, the trip will be even quicker—about fourteen and a half hours against fifteen and three-quarters for the Douglases. One will leave from La-Guardia Field every evening at nine-thirty, D.S.T.

I've made a couple of fairly lengthy flights in one of the Stratoliners, and I can testify to their comfort. Raymond Loewy has done the interiors—blue and rust-colored upholstery spotted with stars, vaulted gold ceilings, and indirect lighting, and the total effect isn't as flossy as it sounds. Each plane carries a crew of five and has accommodations for thirty-three day passengers or twenty-five night passengers, sixteen in upper or lower berths plus nine in reclining chairs.

Pan American also has some of the new planes. It calls them Strato-Clippers, but New York won't see them, for the time being at least, because they're operating southward from Miami. Speaking of Clippers, a sorrowful bit of news is that after July 8th, Bermuda will require all American visitors to have passports and British visas.

DUDE ranches in the East are increasing at a great rate, but it's still not easy to find a really good one. I haven't visited all the places hereabouts which call themselves ranches—they often turn out to be nothing more than riding academies—but I've been to plenty, and as yet I've found only two which I can heartily recommend. One is Deep Hollow Ranch on Montauk Point. At first thought, this may seem a strange place for a ranch. You will probably be surprised to hear that the Point has been beef-cattle country for a couple of centuries longer than the West. The ranch is still a working one, with a hundred and fifty head or so of cattle and some thirty-five horses. It lies about four miles straight out the road to the lighthouse from the village of Montauk and has about five thousand acres of riding country. The rooms are extremely comfortable, the food good, and there's a bar. Nothing but Western saddles are furnished; if you must ride English, you have to bring your own. There's a trapshoot, a skeet layout, a rifle range, and a pistol range; hunting in season is only fair on the Point, but the ranch raises its own ducks and pheasants and is therefore allowed to run shoots six months of the year. Blue denims don't seem to be worn much there; jodhpurs are apparently the thing.

My other favorite, Malibu Ranch, is not a working ranch; it's a dude setup pure and simple, built from scratch in the lovely country of the eastern Poconos a few miles out of Milford, Pennsylvania, which is just across the Delaware from Port Jervis, New York. Here the emphasis is strictly on riding, and it's not a place to go unless you're an enthusiast or want to learn. It has unlimited, unspoiled wooded country, full of deer, bears, and wildcats, to ride over, and there's a swimming hole right in front of the ranch house. You can stay either in the house or in any of numerous cabins, each of which has its own bath. Denims are in order here, and you'll need tough boots and a stout jacket. The country is too rough for English saddles, so they're forbidden. So are children. There's no telephone, no liquor licence, and the lights are turned off at midnight. In other

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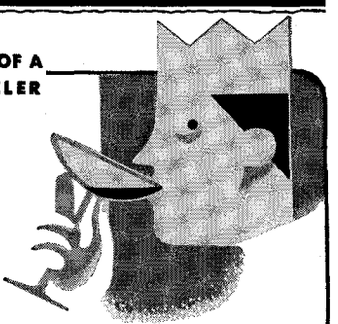

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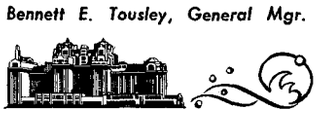

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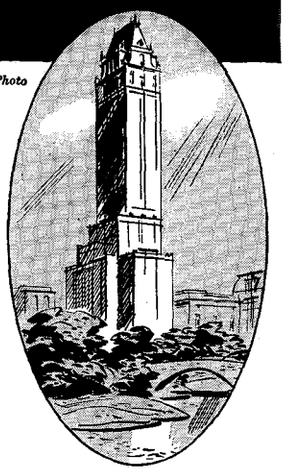

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words, there's none of the phony, drive-right-in whoopdeedoo that some of the upstate ranches engender. It goes without saying that reservations, as at Deep Hollow, must be made well in advance.

IT'S now time for this department's annual listing of summer inns, all of which are within reasonable driving distance of town and therefore suitable for weekends. While the list is far from complete, it's a representative one. Again, reservations should be made in advance:

On Long Island: Point o' Woods Inn, Fire Island; Hampton Inn and Howell House, Westhampton; Quogue House, Quogue; Walker House, East Quogue; Canoe Place Inn, Hampton Bays; Garden City Hotel, Garden City; New Prospect Hotel, Shelter Island; Orient Point Inn, Orient Point; Montauk Manor and Gurney's Inn, Montauk.

Elsewhere in New York: Thayer-West Point, West Point; Old Drovers Inn, Dover Plains; Cragsmoor Inn, Ellenville; Yama Farms Inns, Napanoch; Lake Mohonk Mountain House and Lake Minnewaska Mountain House, New Paltz; Harbor Hill, Cold Spring.

In Connecticut: Kent House, Greenwich; Silvermine Tavern, Norwalk; Cobb's Mill Inn, Westport; Sheldon House, Pine Orchard; Madison Beach Hotel, Madison; Boxwood Manor, Old Lyme; Sharon Inn, Sharon; Wake Robin and Interlaken Inns, Lakeville; White Hart and Ragamont Inns, Salisbury.

In Rhode Island: Weekapaug Inn, Weekapaug.

In Massachusetts: Olde Egremont Tavern, Egremont; Jug End Barn and Berkshire Inn, Great Barrington; Red Lion Inn and Heaton Hall, Stockbridge; White Elephant, Nantucket; Sheffield Inn, Sheffield; Curtis Hotel, Lenox.

In New Jersey: The Essex and Sussex, and the Monmouth, Spring Lake; the Stockton, Sea Girt; Pinemere Inn, Lakewood; Princeton Inn, Princeton.

In Pennsylvania: Buck Hill Falls Inn, Buck Hill Falls; Skytop Lodge, Skytop.

—S. R. W.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

Since his first big banking job forty years ago as a partner in Brown Brothers, New York, Mr. Norman put England back on the gold standard soon after the World War and has had a hand in almost every major European financial crisis of the last two decades.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY UNREQUITED PASSION

MOST people, it seems to me, have prodigious memories enabling them to recall Beatrice Lillie's first songs in this country, plots of novels read months before, and just what their mothers said about them, or to them, a few minutes after their birth. For some reason which I would not care to have a psychoanalyst explain, it is difficult for me at any given moment to put my finger on anything that has happened to me more than a week before. I have no idea what I was doing on the night of March 6th last, or where I spent my vacation in the summer of 1931, and the precise recollection of people on the witness stand, or at dinner parties, in matters of this sort frequently astonishes me.

Two recollections of my early youth still stand out, however. One is of the time I was given a Luna moth for my insect collection. The other is of sitting in the subway with my sister's governess, whom I occasionally borrowed for the day, a copy of the old New York *Globe* spread out in my lap, wondering why in the devil there was no afternoon paper of convenient size, untrammelled by advertising, without political affiliations but with strong feelings for or against this or that candidate in local, state, and national elections, against racial intolerance, and costing five cents a copy instead of two. "Governess," I said, after having mentioned these qualifications, "why is there no paper of this kind, with pages eleven and a fraction inches by fourteen and a fraction in size, printed on special-grade, dull-finish, full-fibred stock, its pages stapled together on the press for the reader's convenience, so that they do not fall apart?"

"*Tiens, le petit gosse,*" Governess replied, gluing together the pages of her Petit Larousse with a pot of glue which she always carried along for this purpose.

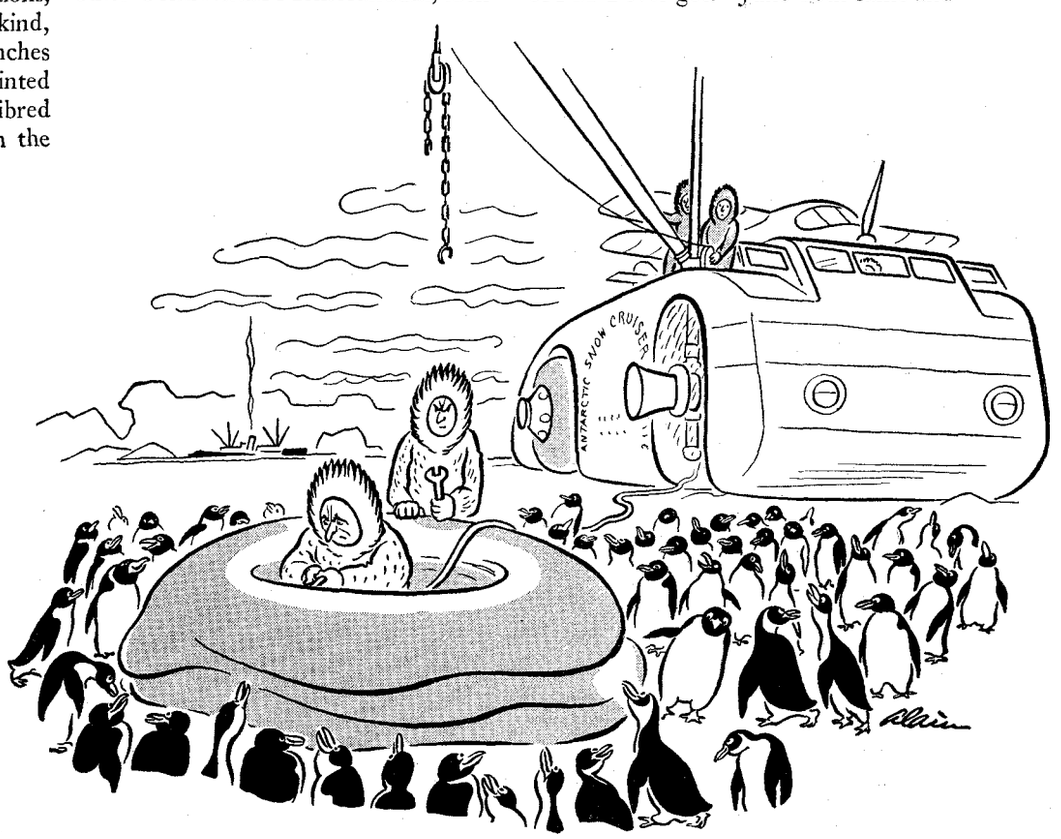
"What I should like to see," I pursued, "is a paper with columns thirty-six per cent wider than is now standard for newspapers, all stories printed in full in one place, edited, from the point of continuity, as if no other newspaper were being published, with so large a department devoted to Radio that it could not be compared to any existing treatment, and containing a Beauty department whose only preoccupation would be enhancing the good looks of the paper's readers in the most scientific way, at the lowest possible cost, and with the least trouble."

THIS conversation took place over twenty-five years ago, but it returned vividly to my mind late this April when I received in the mail a fifteen-page mimeographed prospectus marked "Confidential Memorandum From: Ralph Ingersoll To: The Staff of *PM*." Announcing the publication of a new daily newspaper, *PM*, the first number of which was scheduled to appear June 18th, the enclosure described the coming periodical as having no advertising, stapled pages eleven and a fraction inches by fourteen and a fraction in size, a policy of no political affiliations but strong feelings for or against this or that candidate in local, state, and national elections, a price of five cents a copy—and, in fact, all the other physical and editorial features which had occurred to me in the subway. Scarcely glancing at the accompanying letter urging me to subscribe, I filled out a subscription blank, according to which, as a Charter Subscriber, I would receive *PM* from the very first issue.

A few weeks later, as I was waiting impatiently for June 18th to arrive, trying to calm myself with various odd tasks about the house, such as trying to open the living-room windows, I received another Confidential Memorandum, identical with the first one except that it was printed instead of mimeographed, had a red border, and was headed by a statement, in black capital letters, to the effect that it had been sent to me at the suggestion of John L. Loeb. Mr. Loeb is an acquaintance of many years' standing, a partner in the brokerage firm of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., and a man who patronizes the same barbershop that I do; I felt that his implied recommendation was a good sign, and I became more impatient than ever for June 18th. I did not, however, fill out the second subscription card, which accompanied the memorandum, feeling that this would only confuse *PM's* circulation department, which had already sent me a letter confirming the fact that I was a Charter Subscriber.

On Saturday, June 15th, I received a preview copy of *PM*, marked Vol. 1, No. 0, and dated Friday, June 14th. "This special limited edition is being sent to you as one of *PM's* Charter Subscribers," read a statement on the first page. ". . . the staff asks you to withhold judgment until the actors have learned their lines." The pages were stapled together and did not fall apart; they were approximately eleven by fourteen inches in size and contained neither advertising nor any manifestation of racial intolerance. My boyhood dream seemed to have come true.

There really would be nothing more to say, except that this was the only copy of *PM* I ever got. June 18th came and



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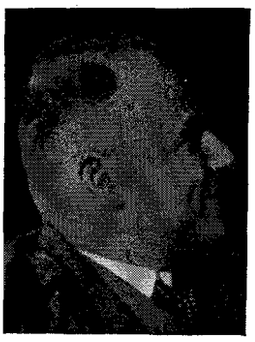

Hitler's private enemy No. 1

Nemesis?

By DOUGLAS REED
author of "Insanity Fair"

"NAZIS tried to kidnap, to poison and to chloroform him. There is melodrama too lush for the movies at their mellowest in some of Douglas Reed's stories of Strasser's escapes . . . Exciting and significant." — *Lewis Gannett.* $2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

went, with nothing to show but a copy of the *Times*, falling apart at every other page and full of the most undisguised advertising you ever saw. The story has been the same every day since then—no *PM*, no strong feelings for or against this or that candidate in local, state, and national elections, no scientific enhancing of my good looks. As a Charter Subscriber, I feel as though I had joined a club whose doorman refused to let me in. I do not know Ralph Ingersoll—although I once knew a Ralph *McAllister* Ingersoll, a mining engineer who wrote a book called "In and Under Mexico"—so it cannot be anything personal. For a while I thought my rebuff might have been caused by my failure to fill out the *second* subscription card, but in that case why did *PM* send me the preview copy? It might have been just to tantalize me, of course, but somehow *PM* doesn't sound like that sort of paper. The experience has given an ugly twist to one of my few childhood recollections, and it is only a partial consolation to know that I still have the Luna moth, slightly damaged with the years but neatly stapled together, of convenient size, free of advertising, and without political affiliations.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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"General Arnold advised me," Hill said, "that from the picture they have of the German bomb sight and the other information they have of the German bomb sight, and from the results that they have been getting from this bomb sight, that the Germans have a good bomb sight but that none of these facts show that the Germans have our bomb sight.

"The fact of the matter is that the pictures of the bomb sight show that whereas some of the features of the German bomb sight are similar to the features of our bomb sight that in many ways the German bomb sight is not like our bomb sight."

—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Not by a bomb sight.

•

DEPT. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
(FITNESS OF READER DIVISION)

[*From Glamour*]

IN THE SHADE. Take a book out under a large, shady tree, where you will get the benefit of fresh air minus scorch. Prop yourself up against the trunk, and, while you are reading, try to pick up twigs with your toes; stretch them apart, twist your ankles around in a circular motion, then up and down. Bend each finger back as far as it will go, pinching the tip at the same time. Push up from your hip, leg outstretched, toe in, heel out, give a quick lift and relax. Tighten the muscles of your abdomen back against your spine, roll them up under your ribs and back.

"Leading the field"* THE Whispering Cup by MABEL SEELEY

*Says *The New Yorker*, "A really spectacular job of writing." By the author of *The Crying Sisters.*

$2. JUNE CRIME CLUB SELECTION

★ ON THE HUDSON

Leave W. 42nd Street Pier as follows:

N.Y. HARBOR SIGHTSEEING CRUISE—See famous skyline—ocean liners—lofty bridges, etc. Lecturer. 3½-hour sail. Daily 10:15 A.M.; 2:15 P.M. (D.S.T.). $1.25

WEST POINT—To famed U.S. Military Academy. A 3¼-hour sail each way. Weekdays only 10:00 A.M. (D.S.T.). Round trip $1.25.

NEW YORK—ALBANY—Through rail tickets accepted New York to Albany or Albany to New York. Daily 9:20 A.M. (D.S.T.). One way $2.

Music • Restaurant • Cafeteria

Hudson River Day Line W. 42d St. Pier, BRyant 9-9700

What gift from what store can be so selected that it will please the WHOLE FAMILY *(yours, or one you are visiting)?*

Elementary, Watson—a

Brentano's Gift Book Box

•

Brentano's BOOKSELLERS to the WORLD

BRyant 9-5700

586 Fifth Avenue, [1 West 47th] ~ New York

WASHINGTON • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS

You don't know what you're missing

On dimes or dollars, help yourself to a whale of a good time discovering and enjoying New York City's infinite variety. You don't know the joys you're missing —*till you read*

CUE'S *Guide to* New York City

$1.25 at bookstores

FREE! Win a Glorious Pleasure Weekend for Two! *Details at bookstores or from:*

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Here is your design for a truly glamorous trip — no matter how long or short the stops. Factual, up-to-date, a fascinating guide to South America's romantic East Coast. *Many photographs.* $3

Let Sydney A. Clark guide you through

THE EAST COAST of SOUTH AMERICA

PRENTICE-HALL, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

DON'T MISS THE BEST PART OF YOUR TRIP — Read

Go abroad without leaving American soil. But first read this new, complete guide to what to SEE, DO and BUY in Mexico. 41 photographs. $3.50 at bookstores, or from PRENTICE-HALL, Inc., 70-5th Ave., N.Y.C.

A PRENTICE-HALL BOOK

What To See And Do In MEXICO

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PM

DE LUXE

Two letters that made a great name for themselves

RYE OR
BOURBON

Because of the flavor and smoothness of this superb whiskey, more and more men have asked for PM until today those two little letters are the buy-word for quality.

PM DeLuxe is one whiskey that will always taste the same.

For National Distillers, who make America's leading bonded whiskies, lays aside a yearly percentage of its fine old whiskies for blending to assure you of the same taste and the same high quality for years to come.

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N.Y. The straight whiskey in this product is four years old. 51% straight whiskey, 49% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

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"PERSONALLY, I LIKE CAMELS BEST — THEY ARE MUCH MILDER, YOU KNOW!"

...MISS POLLY PEABODY OF NEW YORK

She's a gay young cosmopolite

Young as she is, Polly Peabody has made over thirty ocean crossings. She attended school in France and Switzerland . . . had début parties in Boston, New York, Paris . . .

Leads an active life

Polly likes hunting, swimming, and aquaplaning. In Manhattan she reads plays for a famous Broadway producer, works on charity committees. Her favorite cigarette is Camel.

Likes those Camel "extras"

"Camels suit me," she says. "They have everything I look for in a cigarette. Mildness, coolness, real flavor —and more than their share of each."

Prefers clothes "on the tailored side"

She favors sports ensembles, *tailleurs*, earrings, amusing pins . . . and the only flower she wears is a camellia. Above, in a cabaña costume of wide-striped sharkskin, Polly looks cool, feels cool, and—as she blithely adds—"is enjoying a cool smoke."

Notes that Camels burn "cool and mild"

"I like the nice, cool way Camels smoke," she says. "They're wonderfully mild — gentle to my throat. Even though I smoke quite steadily, Camel cigarettes never tire my taste."

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

A few of the many other distinguished women who appreciate Camel's "extras"

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Clement Cleveland III, *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York*
Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

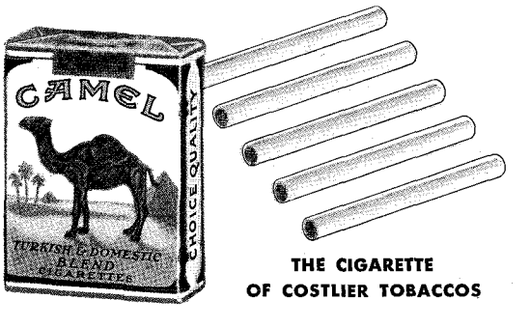
EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

● In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels

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